

# AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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**NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE, BY MR. AINSWORTH.**

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

# **WHITEHALL:**

**A Romance**

OF THE

**REIGN OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.**

**BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.**

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**JOHN MORTIMER, PUBLISHER, ADELAIDE STREET,  
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**Saint James's:**  
OR  
**THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.**

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

HARLEY DISCOVERS THAT CERTAIN IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS HAVE BEEN ABSTRACTED BY GREG.—HIS UNEASINESS IS INCREASED BY A MESSAGE FROM THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD.

ON their return from the duel, it being still very early, Saint-John proposed to the others that they should repose themselves for a short time before breakfast, to which both readily agreeing, Masham was shewn to a chamber, where, being much fatigued—for he had not closed his eyes during the night—he threw himself upon a couch, and almost instantly fell asleep. He was aroused by the entrance of a servant, who told him breakfast was served, and assisted him to repair his toilette, which done, he descended to the lower room, and was greeted as he approached it by the sound of merry voices and laughter. He found Mrs. Hyde and Angelica at table with the host and Maynwaring, and some progress seemed to have already been made in the meal. A blooming countenance is always a pleasant object of contemplation in a morning; and notwithstanding her embarrassment, Angelica looked quite charming,—her complexion was so fresh, her eyes so liquid, and her teeth so white. She gazed with ill-concealed admiration at all around her—at the silver covers, shrouding the savoury omelette, the piquant cutlet, and the well-peppered grill; at the eggs reposing in the snowy napkin; at the exquisitely chased silver tea-kettle, with its spirit lamp, and still more exquisite chocolate-pot; at the delicious little blue tea-cups of the choicest porcelain; at the silver flacons for those who preferred claret to the simpler beverages; and having surveyed all this, her eyes wandered to the sideboard, with its well-ordered array of cold chicken, cold ham, tongue, raised pie and potted meats; while, hard by, a portly butler met her gaze, ready to carve the viands, or to dispense the contents of certain long-necked flasks, with which an adjoining cooler was filled. Like all country girls, who enjoy good health, Angelica had a tolerable appetite; and she knew too little of modish manners to put any restraint upon it. She took, therefore, with gratitude all that was offered her; but her doings in the eating line were mere child's-play compared with those of her mother, who was in ecstasies with the repast, and devoured everything before her.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Hyde, "why this is a much grander breakfast than we had at Squire Clavering's, when his daughter Sukey was married. Do taste the ham, Jelly! I'm a good hand at curing a ham myself, but this beats me. The tongue too is boiled to a bubble—there's a great art in boiling a tongue, as I'm sure your cook knows, Mr. Saint-John—another slice if you please, sir. Well, I don't mind a kidney, since you're so pressing. Jelly, my love, you don't eat! Bless the poor thing! she has fretted so much about her father, that she has quite lost her appetite. Try a little of this apricot marmalade, my dear. It'll do you good. Mr. Saint-John says he'll soon procure the dear man's liberation, so you may be perfectly easy. You see, I'm quite comfortable. Well, I've eaten a great deal, but I can't refuse a cutlet—it looks so nice. A few mushrooms with it, by all means. Another dish of tea, if you please, sir," to the footman. "You're very good. I shouldn't object to a drop of brandy in it. But it must only be a drop—mind that! You've a design upon me, Mr. Saint-John, or you wouldn't offer me some of the omelette. The first and last omelette I tasted was at the squire's, and I thought it so good then, that I can't refuse now. Jelly, my dear, you're doing nothing. Do eat, child; and recollect you don't get such a breakfast as this every day. You're quite right, Mr. Saint-John, an egg can do nobody any harm. Ah! there we country folk have the advantage of you. You should taste *our* eggs, sir,—fresh laid, white as snow,—they are a treat. Jelly fetches them every morning from the nest. You've such a way with you, Mr. Saint-John, that I can't say no. I must taste the pigeon-pie, though positively I've eaten so much, that I begin to feel quite uncomfortable. Don't look at me, Jelly, but take care of yourself. A little gravy, sir," to the butler, "while you're about it."

It was at this juncture that Masham entered the room.

"I'm afraid Mr. Masham will find little to eat," cried Mrs. Hyde. "We've got half an hour's start of him."

"Don't distress yourself about me, madam," he replied. "Abundance is still left upon the table, and I'll soon make up for lost time."

"Angelica says she should have broken her heart if Guiscard had killed you, Masham," Saint-John observed.

"Nay, I said another lady would break her heart," she replied. "But I should have been purely sorry myself, I must own."

"'Pon my soul, I didn't know how to express my thanks," cried Masham.

"You awaken a tender interest in all the ladies, Masham," remarked Maynwaring.

"It's not to be wondered at," said Angelica, "considering——"

And she blushed and hesitated.

"Pray finish your speech, my dear," cried Maynwaring. "Considering what?"



"I don't know what I was going to say," she rejoined with increased confusion.

"Do let Mr. Masham eat his breakfast, Jelly," said Mrs. Hyde. "Try one of these cutlets, sir; you'll find 'em excellent—or these kidneys, they're broiled to perfection. And so you have killed the marquis? My worthy husband declares that a duellist is a murderer, and ought to be hanged. But then he's rather too severe; and as I tell him if that was to be the case, we should hang some of the first quality; and would you believe it, he answered, 'And a good thing, too.' *Do* take a little of this peach preserve, sir; you'll find it delicious."

"How far Masham deserves hanging, I know not," said Saint-John, laughing; "but you are mistaken, madam, in supposing he has killed the marquis. He has only very slightly wounded him."

"More's the pity, I think," cried Mrs. Hyde. "But if the officer spoke the truth last night, he has only been saved from one death for another more ignominious."

"May be," observed Saint-John, somewhat gloomily.

But instantly resuming his former gaiety, he turned the conversation to the various amusements and attractions of town-life—expatiating upon the theatres, the opera, the concerts, the public gardens, the balls, the masquerades, the drives in the park, the promenades on the Mall, and drew such a captivating picture of fashionable existence that it quite charmed Angelica's fancy.

"Dear me!" she sighed, "how purely happy those fine ladies must be, who can lie a-bed as late as they like; and have nothing to do but amuse themselves when they get up. How I wish I had been born to such a lot! I should like of all things to have a little black page with a white turban and feathers on his head—a nice room with great japan screens, and cabinets full of lovely china monsters—a French perruquier to dress my hair—the richest silks and satins for my gowns and petticoats, and the finest lace for my caps and pinnars; but most of all, I should like to have a grand gilt charrot, with three footmen behind it, and a fat coachman on the box. Oh, it would be purely nice!"

"Save us! how sinfully the wench talks!" cried Mrs. Hyde. "It's very well your father doesn't hear you, or he would chide you heartily for your vanity."

"All this may be yours, Angelica," said Saint-John, in a low tone to her. "You have only to say the word."

"I think I had better give up the gilt charrot, and the fat coachman," sighed Angelica, looking down.

"You'll be a great deal happier and healthier if you continue to get up at five o'clock of a morning, to help Dolly to milk the cows, Jelly," said Mrs. Hyde, "than if you were to lie a-bed till eleven or twelve, and then get up with the vapours and a headache; and Tom the farming lad will wait upon you as well as the little black boy; and as to the chayney gimcracks and monsters,



I'm sure my delf is prettier by half, and my pewter plates brighter than any silver; and if you must ride, you know you can always have the cart and the old mare; or if you want to go to Thaxted, Phil Tredget will be too happy to give you a seat behind him on the pillion. You seem to have forgotten poor Phil."

"No, I haven't," replied Angelica, with a look of mingled vexation and shame, and who had vainly endeavoured to check her mother's loquacity; "I think of him as much as he deserves. But nobody knows him here."

"He's as honest a lad as any in Essex," said Mrs. Hyde; "and as good-looking, too, though I say it to you, Mr. Masham, who're an Essex gentleman yourself. He's about your height, sir; but a good deal broader across the shoulders, and with fine curly auburn hair, with a red tinge in it."

"It's as red as carrots," cried Angelica.

"Oh, I've no doubt he has the advantage of me immeasurably," replied Masham, laughing heartily.

"And so you've given your heart to Phil Tredget, eh—Angelica?" inquired Saint-John.

"Not quite," she replied, blushing.

"Then Phil deceived himself, strangely, Jelly," rejoined her mother.

"I didn't know my own mind then," said Angelica, with a furtive glance at Saint-John.

"To be sure not," he replied, with a meaning look. "Well, since you've finished breakfast, Masham, we'll proceed to business. Pray amuse yourselves here in the best way you can, ladies, till I send Mr. Hyde to you." So saying he arose, and accompanied by his two friends, quitted the room.

"What do you mean to do with the girl?" asked Maynwaring, as they issued into the street.

"Faith, I don't know," replied Saint-John; "but she is devilish pretty."

Maynwaring acquiesced in the opinion, and quitted them at the corner of King-street, while the two others proceeding to Mr. Harley's residence, in Saint James's Square, were without difficulty ushered into his presence.

They found Harley alone, and engaged in writing. His looks were troubled, and after congratulating Masham on the result of the duel, he took Saint-John into an inner room, and said to him—"This arrest of Greg gives me great uneasiness. I have been revolving the matter all the morning, and am still full of perplexity."

"Have you in any way trusted him?" asked Saint-John.

"No," replied Harley; "but it is impossible to say what the villain has done. He may have opened my boxes—my letters; and secrets of vital importance may have become known to him."

"Rest easy," replied Saint-John. "No credit will be attached to any statements he may make, unless borne out by proof."

"But I fear he *has* proof," replied Harley. "I have examined the *escritoir* in which I keep my secret papers, and there is one packet missing, which if it should fall into the hands of Godolphin and Marlborough, would ruin me."

"Cursedly unlucky, indeed!" exclaimed Saint-John. "I would almost recommend a flight to France."

"No, I will stay and confront the danger whatever it may be," replied Harley. "Would I could know the worst! But I dare not hold any communication with Greg."

The silence into which both fell was broken by the entrance of the usher, who said that Parson Hyde was in the ante-room, and begged an immediate interview with Mr. Harley, his business being of the utmost importance.

"Shew him in at once," cried the secretary. "As this man was arrested with Greg, we shall now probably learn something," he added to Saint-John, as the usher left the room.

The next moment, Hyde was introduced.

"You have heard of my arrest, gentlemen, I presume?" he said, bowing respectfully.

"We have, sir," answered Harley; "and are glad to see you at liberty."

"My detention was the result of misrepresentation, as it turns out," the divine replied; "but the consciousness of innocence supported me; and my confinement for the night in the Gatehouse has been the sole inconvenience I have endured."

"But what of your fellow-prisoner, Greg? Has he been released too?" asked Harley, hastily.

"No, sir," returned Hyde; "nor is he likely to be released, as far as I can learn. It is on his account I have come to you."

"Well, sir, proceed. What have you to say concerning him?" demanded Harley.

"I scarcely know how to justify what I have done," replied Hyde; "but I could not refuse to aid a friend in misfortune. As I have said, I was locked up in a chamber at the Gatehouse with my poor friend, and as soon as the door was closed upon us, he extorted from me, by urgent solicitations, a promise to do him a service, provided I was set at liberty, which he foresaw I should be, the first thing in the morning. This was to go to the Marquis de Guiscard, whose address in Pall Mall he gave me, and to tell him what had happened."

"Is that all?" cried Harley, impatiently.

"No, sir," replied Hyde. "He bade me tell the marquis to open a small box which he had entrusted to his care a few days ago, and with its contents purchase safety for him from you."

"That box contains the missing packet, I'll be sworn," whispered Harley to Saint-John. "Well, sir," he added to the divine, "you went to the marquis, I suppose—but you did not see him. He has been wounded in a duel, this morning."

"Pardon me, Mr. Harley," replied Hyde; "I did see him. On learning that I wished to speak with him, the marquis



caused me to be introduced to his bedside, and dismissed his attendants. I then delivered poor Greg's message to him, upon which he instantly rang for his French valet, and bade him take a small box from a cabinet to which he pointed, and break it open. This was done, and a packet of letters was found within it. Having examined them, the marquis's countenance brightened up, and he cried, 'A thousand thanks, reverend sir! You have done me infinitely more good than the surgeon who has just quitted me. These letters will save our poor friend, and I am glad of it. But do me a further favour. Go to Mr. Harley, and tell him as he values himself, to come to me instantly. I would go to him, but I cannot quit my chamber, and not a moment is to be lost. Observe the greatest caution.' And with a few words more, he dismissed me. 'This is all I have to relate.'

"And enough, too," muttered Saint-John.

"The marquis is the dupe of some trickery on the part of Greg, I fear," said Harley, vainly trying to mask his uneasiness. "Nevertheless, I will comply with his request."

"You will do well," observed Saint-John; "for though I cannot conceive how these letters can serve Greg, yet it may be desirable to see them. You will find your wife and daughter at my house in Saint James's-place, hard by, Mr. Hyde; and as they have been much alarmed by your arrest, it will be kind in you to set their minds at ease as soon as possible. You can make my house your home for the present."

"I return you my humble thanks, sir," replied Hyde, bowing respectfully, and quitting the room.

"I will go to this rascal marquis at once," said Harley. "I shall have to buy these letters dearly,—but buy them I will. I have a plan which I think will succeed. Remain with Masham, my dear friend, till I return. I shall not be long."

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## CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

### THE PRICE PAID FOR THE LETTERS.

FOLLOWED by a queen's-messenger, whom he had hastily summoned, and to whom he gave certain instructions, Harley proceeded to Pall Mall. On arriving at the marquis's, he posted the messenger near the door, and knocking, was admitted by the grinning and obsequious Bimbelot, who, in reply to his inquiries, informed him that his master was somewhat easier, but expecting the honour of a visit from Mr. Harley, hoped he would excuse being shewn to his bed-room, as he was unable to leave it. With these, and many more apologies, the valet led the way, with much ceremony to a most luxurious chamber, in which stood a large canopy-bed with brocade hangings, a superbly-appointed toilette table, a cheval-glass, hung with muslin, two magnificent ward-robes in one corner, and a range of peruke-stands. Over the



chimney-piece was a fine picture of the Judgment of Paris, and there were other pieces of a similar nature hung about the room. On a couch, and partly covered by a loose silk dressing-gown, lay the marquis. The swarthy hue of his complexion had given place to a deathly pallor, and, notwithstanding Bimbelot's assurance that he was free from pain, he seemed to suffer intensely. He made an effort, however, to raise himself slightly on Harley's appearance, begged him to be seated, and motioned the valet to retire.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harley," he said, with a smile, which communicated a sinister effect to his ghastly features; "I was sure you would come. You have been told by the worthy clergyman I despatched to you what has happened?"

"I have been informed by him that certain letters which I have reason to believe have been purloined from my *escritoir* by the villain Greg, have come into your possession," replied the secretary. "Is it not so?"

"It is," rejoined Guiscard. "Those letters, which are of the last importance, as proving that a correspondence subsists between one of Queen Anne's ministers and an exiled royal family, were entrusted to me by the poor devil you mention, who now wishes me to make terms by means of them for his safety; but I need scarcely say I require them for myself."

"You are sufficiently unscrupulous, I am aware, marquis," replied Harley, bitterly.

"Would you do otherwise if you were similarly circumstanced, Mr. Secretary?" rejoined Guiscard, in a derisive tone. "But to the point. No matter how obtained, these documents are in my possession. Greg's arrest may possibly compromise me, though I think I have provided against all contingencies. But with these letters I can purchase perfect security from Godolphin and Marlborough, so that I have no further uneasiness. Before doing so, however, I offer them to you, as they are of more value to you than to any other person."

"Let me hear the price you put upon them?" said Harley, coldly.

"First, protection to myself," replied Guiscard, "in case Greg's examination should at all implicate me."

"Accorded," rejoined the secretary. "What more?"

"Secondly, the hand of Abigail Hill," said the marquis.

"Refused," replied Harley, in a determined tone.

"Then I shall be compelled to treat with your enemies," said Guiscard.

"Now hear me, marquis," rejoined Harley—"those letters must be mine, and upon my own terms. Knowing with whom I have to deal, I have taken measures accordingly. A queen's-messenger awaits my orders at your door, and I have only to speak the word, and your instant arrest will follow. This will effectually prevent you from negotiating with Godolphin and Marlborough;

and even if the letters should be laid before the council, I have little fear of the consequences, so well am I provided against every difficulty. Like a prudent man, therefore, you will weigh the chances, and seeing on which side the advantage preponderates, will incline that way. What I offer is this—freedom from your present jeopardy, and two thousand pounds.”

And, as he spoke, he produced a pocket-book, and opening it, displayed a roll of bank-notes. Guiscard leaned back his head, and appeared to reflect.

“I would as lieve perish, as yield Abigail to that accursed Masham,” he cried at length, with a frightful expression of hatred and bodily anguish.

“She will be his in any case,” replied Harley; “and your wisest, and indeed only course, will be to abandon all idea of her, and instantly close with my proposition.”

“Say three thousand,” rejoined Guiscard; “your post is well worth that sum, and you are certain to lose it, if not your head, if these letters are given up. Say three thousand, and I consent.”

“I have gone as far as I care to go, and further than I need have gone,” replied Harley, closing the pocket-book. “Make up your mind at once. Mine is made up already.”

And he arose from his seat, as if with the intention of leaving the room.

“I have your solemn pledge for my own safety?” said Guiscard.

“So far as I can secure it—undoubtedly,” replied the secretary.

“Then here are the letters,” said the marquis, delivering the packet to him.

“And here are the notes,” replied the other, handing him in exchange the pocket-book.

And while the one examined the letters, to see that they were all right, the other told over the notes. Both were apparently satisfied with their scrutiny.

“You need fear no revelations from Greg, Mr. Harley,” said Guiscard. “Your enemies no doubt will attempt to tamper with him; but I will give him to understand, through Parson Hyde, whose simplicity will render him a capital agent, that his sole hope of escape depends upon his silence. The gallows will set all to rest. Leave him to me.”

“Adieu, marquis,” replied Harley. “You have seldom made a luckier hit—even at hazard—than this, and it may console you for your defeat by Masham, and for the loss of Abigail.”

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A LOVE-SCENE IN THE QUEEN'S ANTE-CHAMBER.—MASHAM IS BANISHED FROM COURT FOR THREE MONTHS.

HARLEY'S triumphant looks on his return announced his success to Saint-John; and after a word or two in private, they separated,



relieved of much of the anxiety that had previously oppressed them,—the one to return home, and the other to repair with Masham to Saint James's Palace.

On arriving there, they were conducted to the ante-room of the queen's private apartments, where they found Abigail and Lady Rivers. The manner of the former was much more cold and constrained towards Masham than he expected, and somewhat disconcerted Harley.

"I have just left her majesty, Mr. Masham," she said. "She has heard of your duel with the Marquis de Guiscard, and is much offended at it. She expressed herself so strongly on the subject to me, that I feel I am hazarding her favour in consenting to see you now."

"If I had been aware of it, I would not have exposed you to any such risk," replied Masham, much piqued. "And I will instantly relieve you from further responsibility."

"That is not at all what Abigail intends, Mr. Masham," cried Lady Rivers, bursting into a laugh; "and if you were not a very young man, you would not require to be told so. She only wishes you to understand that she would rather displease the queen than not see you."

"I mean no such thing, Lady Rivers," said Abigail, pettishly.

"Then what *do* you mean, my dear?" rejoined Lady Rivers; "for I'm sure you were dying for an interview with Mr. Masham just now, and since you've got your wish, you almost tell him to go."

"On my soul, you are enough to drive a man to distraction, cousin," added Harley; "and I thank my stars I am not in love with you. You seem to blame Masham for this duel, when you know, or ought to know, that you were the cause of it."

"Exactly what her majesty says," replied Abigail. "She rates me as if I could have helped it; while nobody knows better than Mr. Masham, that he did not consult me when he went to fight."

"No; but he consulted your reputation, cousin," said Harley.

"I can take care of that myself," replied Abigail; "and it will be time enough for Mr. Masham to fight for me, when I elect him my champion. What will the whole court say to it. It will be buzzed about that these rivals, like knights of old, have fought for me, and that I mean to give myself to the conqueror. But I will disappoint them. I will do no such thing. Mr. Masham, I'll be bound, thought more of the effect which this duel would produce upon me than of punishing the Marquis for his insolent vaunt. Such chivalrous motives are quite out of date."

"It may be so," replied Masham; "but unless I have wholly mistaken myself, I was actuated by a better motive than you give me credit for. It was love for you, Abigail, that made me resent the manner in which your name was used. I believed the marquis spoke falsely, and I told him so."



The earnestness with which this speech was uttered, dispelled all Abigail's coquetry of manner, as a sudden gust of wind might disperse a rack of clouds hanging over the moon. She trembled, and cast down her eyes. Seeing her emotion, and attributing it to its right cause, Lady Rivers and Harley withdrew to a window, and looked out into the palace-gardens.

"They are likely to come to an understanding now, I think," observed the secretary, in a low tone.

"Very likely," replied the lady, with a smile.

"I cannot carry on this deception further, Mr. Masham," said Abigail, at length. "I have trifled with you too long. It is true the queen is angry, but that is nothing to me. Thinking you would come here, flushed with your success, and anticipating an equally easy conquest over me, I determined to treat you as I have done—lightly. But I find that vanity forms no part of your composition, and it would be unfeeling to pursue such a course further. I am fully sensible of your devotion, and return it. We shall have no more misunderstandings now, depend upon it. Nor shall I again play the coquette—at least, with you."

"Nor with any one else, if I can prevent it," replied Masham, kneeling, and snatching her hand, which he pressed rapturously to his lips. "You are a matchless creature."

At this juncture, the inner door opened, and the queen, attended by Prince George of Denmark, issued from it. Masham instantly sprang to his feet, but not before his situation had been remarked by the royal pair.

A slight smile passed over the prince's countenance, and he glanced at the queen, but her majesty, whose strict notions of etiquette were greatly outraged, did not respond to it. Masham bowed profoundly to hide his confusion; Abigail blushed, and fanned herself; Prince George took a prodigious pinch of snuff, to prevent himself from laughing outright; while Lady Rivers and Harley returned from the window.

"I am somewhat surprised to see you here, Mr. Masham," said the queen, gravely, "after the disregard you have shewn to my wishes."

"I am not aware that I have disobeyed your majesty," replied the young equerry.

"You have paid little heed, then, to what was said, sir," rejoined the queen, the cloud gathering more darkly on her brow. "Having sufficiently interested myself in you to express a desire that you should not meet the Marquis de Guiscard, I scarcely expected you would so soon afterwards provoke another quarrel with him, the result of which has been a meeting this morning, at which, I understand, he has been wounded."

"The intelligence came from Marlborough House, I'll be sworn," said Harley, aside. "The devil is not more malicious than that woman."

"Is it so, sir?" demanded the queen, sharply.

"I cannot deny it, madam," replied Masham. "I did provoke Guiscard, and I have met him."

"The marquis had used my name most unwarrantably," said Abigail. "He deserved his chastisement."

"For Heaven's sake, don't draw down the queen's resentment on yourself," whispered Harley. "You will put your own place in jeopardy."

"I will risk anything rather than he shall be wrongfully treated!" she replied, in the same tone.

"Faith! your majesty is too hard upon the young man," interposed the good-natured Prince George, in a whisper to the queen—"sadly too hard. I'm sure his disregard of your wishes proceeded from inadvertence—sheer inadvertence."

"He shall be taught stricter attention in future," replied the queen. "I am determined to mark my disapprobation of the practice of duelling, and this young man shall be made the first example."

"Nay, madam," entreated the prince.

"I have said it," rejoined the queen, in a tone calculated to put an end to further discussion. "Mr. Masham," she added, "his highness will dispense with your attendance for the next three months, and you will avail yourself of the opportunity to visit your family in Essex, or to travel during the time."

"I understand your majesty," replied Masham, bowing. "I am banished from court for that period."

Anne made a slight movement of the head, in assent, and Prince George consoled himself with a prolonged pinch of snuff.

"This is the first time I have known your majesty unjust," said Abigail.

"Cousin, be advised," whispered Harley.

"Perhaps you will also call me unjust, Abigail," said the queen, "when I say, that if any one of my attendants gives away her hand without my consent, she will by so doing vacate her place, and forfeit my favour for ever."

Abigail was about to reply, but a slight pressure upon her arm checked her. The next moment, the adroit secretary passed over to Masham, and whispered to him—"It is proper for you, after what has occurred, to withdraw."

The young equerry instantly advanced to Prince George, kissed the hand which was graciously extended to him, and making a profound obeisance to the queen, was about to retire, when Abigail stopped him.

"I pray your majesty, suffer Mr. Masham to remain a moment longer," she said. "I have a boon to beg of you in his presence."

"If you ask her consent now," whispered Harley, "you will fail. Another time—another time!"

"Mr. Masham, you may go," said Abigail, blushing, and in confusion.



"Nay, since you have called him back, my dear, it is but fair he should hear what you have to say," remarked Prince George, whose good-nature frequently outran his discretion.

"Your majesty has just said, that if any one of your attendants gives away her hand without your consent, she will forfeit your favour for ever," hesitated Abigail.

"Precisely the words I used," replied Anne. "But what have they to do with Mr. Masham? I hope," she continued, in a severe tone, "you have not already taken this step without consulting me."

"Assuredly not, madam," rejoined Abigail, recovering her composure, and disregarding the gestures of Harley, "and though I may have chosen a very unfortunate moment for the request, yet I will venture to entreat your gracious permission to answer in the affirmative, in case Mr. Masham should put a particular question to me."

"I must consider of it," replied the queen, coldly.

"Faith, I'm sorry I called the young man back," cried the prince. "Good day t'ye, Masham—good day t'ye!" he continued, accompanying the equerry to the door. "I hope her majesty will be in a better humour when we next meet. Three months is it, eh? I'll try and get the term shortened. But never mind—soon be over—soon over. And as to Abigail, I'll stand your friend. So don't despair—don't despair. Good day!" And he pushed him gently out of the room.

As soon as the prince returned, the queen took his arm, and was about to re-enter the private apartments when Abigail advanced towards her.

"Does your majesty require my attendance?" she asked.

"Not now," replied Anne, regarding her with a look of greater displeasure than she had ever before evinced towards her. And she disappeared with her august consort.

"This it is to serve a queen," cried Abigail, bursting into tears, and falling upon Lady Rivers's neck.

"You have to thank yourself for much that has occurred," said Harley. "But the duchess is at the bottom of all."

"She is," replied Abigail, looking up; "but she shall not profit by her malice. The present turn is hers: the next shall be mine."

"There I am with you, cousin," cried Harley, grasping her hand, warmly. "It will be your own fault if you do not place Masham as high as the proudest noble that presses to Saint James's. Recollect, the fortune of John Churchill was made by Sarah Jennings."

"Meantime, I am in disgrace, and Masham is banished," sighed Abigail.

"Both affairs of a moment," replied Harley. "The wind that blows against us to-day will shift to-morrow. Like the Roman general, we will turn defeat into a victory."



## CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

## THE SERJEANT'S "DRUM."

"I TELL you what it is, Proddy," said the serjeant as they sat together over a bowl of punch at the Marlborough's Head, in Rider-street—a house patronised by Scales, as well on account of the ensign it bore, as of the admirable quality of the liquors dispensed at it—"I tell you what it is. I'm pleased with the way in which those two Mounseers behaved this morning."

"So am I," replied Proddy. "I'm particularly pleased with Savagejohn. I hated him at first—but one always begins by hating. I disliked you consumedly once, serjeant."

"I've been thinking the matter over," said Scales, who was too much engrossed by his own meditations to pay attention to the coachman's remarks; "and I'm resolved to invite 'em to a dance. I know it'll please our women, and it's sure to be to the taste of the Mounseers. They're a merry nation, the French, I will say that for 'em."

"I'm very fond of dancing myself, serjeant; and a tolerably good dancer too, though you would hardly think it," observed Proddy, laying down his pipe, and executing a step or two. "Before I grew so stout I could get through a jig as well as any man. There," he added, cutting a caper, and poising himself on one foot—"what do you think of that?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Scales. "This decides me. We'll have a hop this night week. The quality call a party of this kind a drum, though why I don't know, for I never heard any drumming at their routs; but if I issue invitations to a drum, as I mean to do, it'll be all right and proper, for the only music my guests will get will be such as I myself can produce from a couple of sticks and a piece of parchment."

"And famous rattlin' music too, serjeant," rejoined Proddy. "Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-rara! Call it a drum, by all means."

"I don't know but I may get Tom Jiggins, the fifer of our regiment, to accompany me," said the serjeant, after a moment's reflection; "and in that case we'll keep you alive, for Tom's a first-rate performer. It wont be the first time the Mounseers have danced to the music of the fife and drum, eh, Proddy?"

"Not by a good many," replied the coachman, chuckling; "and to a pretty quick movement, too, if our gazettes speak truth. But we've concluded a truce now, serjeant; so we must have no more jesting. This night week, you say?"

"This night week," replied Scales. "Of course you'll come?"

"If I'm in the land o' the livin', of course I will," replied Proddy; "we're two inseparables now. What's your hour?"

"Oh! you'll see that in the card," said Scales; "You'll have an invitation—all reg'lar. But I should say eight, or thereabouts;

and if you're too genteel to be punctual, don't make it later than nine."

"I'm always punctual, serjeant," replied Proddy; "every man as holds a office under government is punctual."

"Very right," said Scales. "Come, there's just a glass a-piece in the bowl. May we always be as successful as we've been to-day! It's time we were movin'. I hear the watchman bawlin' out past ten o'clock. I pay."

"No, you don't," cried Proddy.

"I tell you I do," rejoined Scales, authoritatively. "Here drawer," he added, flinging down a crown—"here's your dues. Now, comrade, right foot foremost." And they marched forth arm in arm,—Proddy strutting as usual, and thrusting out his chin, and the serjeant whistling Marlbrook.

Next morning, as he sat at breakfast with the rest of the household, in the servant's hall at Marlborough House, Scales intimated his intention of giving the drum in the course of the following week; and the announcement was received with unanimous applause by the whole assemblage, and with especial delight by Mesdames Plumpton and Tipping.

"Well, I declare, serjeant," cried the first-mentioned lady—"a drum! what a charmin' idea! And how improprieate to your perfession. My heart quite beats at the thought of it."

"So genteel too!" added Mrs. Tipping. "So different from a vulgar hop, as they call such things in the city. Ladies of quality give nothing but drums, now-a-days."

"Glad the notion meets with your approval, ladies," rejoined the serjeant. "As Mrs. Plumpton observes, I think it is improprieate. I'll do my best to amuse you."

"You've only to drum to amuse me, serjeant," said Mrs. Plumpton.

"Plumpton's sure to take the words out of a body's mouth," cried Mrs. Tipping, sharply.

"I feel the compliment just as much as if it had been uttered, Mrs. Tipping," observed the serjeant, gallantly. "His grace you think will have no objection to the party, Mr. Fishwick?" he added, appealing to the cook.

"I'll answer for his grace," replied Fishwick; "and I'll answer also for his gracious permission to provide a good supper."

"As you answer for the solids, I'll answer for the fluids, Mr. Fishwick," said the portly Mr. Peter Parker, the butler, with a knowing wink. "You shall have a bottle or two of wine from my own cupboard, and you shall also have such a bowl of punch as you never tasted before. Mrs. Plumpton, I dare say, will lend me the great blue china bowl that stands in the housekeeper's room to brew it in, so that we can have plenty."

"That I will," replied Mrs. Plumpton; "and as you all contribute something to the feast, I'll add a flask of usquebaugh, that was given me by—by—I forget whom."





Serjeant Scales's "Drum."





"By your late husband, most likely," suggested Mrs. Tipping, with a sneer. "Well, I don't think *I* shall contribute anything but my company."

"Nothing more is needed," replied Scales, gallantly.

"Of course, you mean to invite Mr. Proddy, serjeant?" said Mrs. Plumpton. "He's such a dear little man!"

"Of course," replied Scales; "and to please Mrs. Tipping, I shall ask Mounseer Bambyloo, the Marquis de Guiscard's gentleman, and his friend Corporal Achilles Sauvageon,—both magnificent dancers."

"Quite unnecessary to invite 'em on my account, serjeant," replied Mrs. Tipping. "However, I shall be glad to meet any friends of yours."

Soon after this, the serjeant retired to his own room, and with some difficulty, wrote out a number of cards, which were despatched by a trusty messenger, and in due time brought responses in the affirmative from most of the parties invited.

Later on in the day, Fishwick came to inform him that the duke had not only given his full consent to the entertainment, but had expressed a hope that it would pass off pleasantly.

"Did general say so?" cried Scales, in a transport of delight. "Well, it's just like him. Bless his kind, good heart! No wonder his soldiers love him so much, Fishwick, and fight so well for him. It's a pleasure to die for such a commander."

Some little talk was then held between them as to the arrangements of the night, and they separated with a conviction that the drum would go off remarkably well.

The six intervening days wore away, and the seventh arrived. During the morning, the serjeant's countenance was charged with unwonted importance. He had undertaken a task of which he evidently felt the magnitude. He was continually going backwards and forwards into the kitchen, and giving directions in a low tone to the scullions. Then he withdrew to furbish his accoutrements, to practise a little on the drum, and hum a song in a low key. About noon, Tom Jiggins, the fifer, arrived, and made his way at once to the serjeant's room, where they were shut up together till dinner-time, rehearsing, it would seem from the sounds they produced, the dances of the night. A gaunt, hard-featured little fellow was Tom Jiggins; not unlike the serjeant himself, on a small scale. He had a long nose, a very long upper lip, and a long chin in continuation. And he made the most of his size, standing as high as five feet would allow him. His eyes had the set stare peculiar to performers on wind instruments and cod-fishes. Jiggins was dressed in the regimental uniform—blue, with white cuffs and facings, and wore a broad white belt across his left shoulder, to which was attached by a cord the case containing his fife. The opposite hip sustained a sword. A cap, and powdered wig with a long tail, completed his accoutrements. Dinner over, the fifer and the serjeant had another

rehearsal, after which they esteemed themselves perfect, and whiled away the rest of the afternoon over a mug of ale and a pipe.

Evening at last approached, and the business of the day being over, active preparations were made for the Drum. The kitchen was cleared out, and lighted up by candles placed upon the chimney-piece, dresser, and plate-shelves; and at a quarter before eight o'clock, when the serjeant and Jiggins entered, all was ready. Just as the clock struck the appointed hour, a scuffling sound was heard in the passage, and the next moment, Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping rushed into the room together; both looking very red and very angry.

"You're excessive rude, Plumpton, to push so," cried Mrs. Tipping. "I declare you've quite disarranged my dress."

"Serve you right, too," replied Mrs. Plumpton, sharply. "You shouldn't have tried to take proceedings of me. You've almost pulled off my cap and pinnars."

"I wish I had," rejoined Mrs. Tipping—"and your wig into the bargain."

"Ladies," said the serjeant, "let me entreat, that on this evening, at least, we may have no quarrelling. You're both beautifully dressed, and would be irresistible, if you didn't look quite so cross."

This had the desired effect. Peace was instantly restored. Mrs. Tipping obligingly arranged Mrs. Plumpton's head-dress, and Mrs. Plumpton pinned up Mrs. Tipping's gown. Both were very finely dressed—the one exhibiting her buxom person in crimson silk, and the other her trim little figure in orange-coloured satin.

Soon after this, Fishwick, Parker, Timperley, and the rest of the household, male and female, amounting to more than a dozen, flocked into the kitchen, and were welcomed by the serjeant, who had a hearty greeting for every one of them. He had scarcely gone the round, when Timperley, who was stationed at the door to usher in the guests, announced "Mr. Proddy and friend."

Habited in his full-dress coat of crimson velvet-plush, striped with yellow, and bound with gold, with a waistcoat to match, and having a large muslin cravat tied loosely round his throat, the coachman presented a very imposing appearance. Marching up to Scales, he said, "Serjeant, allow me to present to you Mr. Mezansene—a young gentleman who has just been honoured with a place in her majesty's household, and who is desirous of making your acquaintance. I have taken the liberty of bringing him with me."

"No liberty at all, Proddy," replied the serjeant; "you did quite right. Glad to see you, sir." And he shook hands heartily with Mezansene, who was a tall, slight, and gracefully formed young man, with very good features, except that, like the serjeant, he had a broad black patch across his nose, and another some-



what smaller patch on the left cheek. He was clothed in the royal livery, and wore a full-bottomed, well-powdered wig.

"You have been in the wars as well as myself, Mr. Mezansene," observed the serjeant, in reference to the other's patches.

"These cuts were given me in the street the other night by a party of those wild rakes, who call themselves Mohocks, serjeant," replied Mezansene.

"I know the Mohocks well, and nice blades they are," observed the serjeant. "I should like to make some of 'em run the gauntlet for their pranks. That young man's face is familiar to me," he continued to Proddy, as Mezansene walked towards Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, who were standing near the fire; "I suppose I have seen him at the palace."

"No, you can scarcely have seen him there, serjeant," replied Proddy, "for he only entered the household a few days ago. He came in place of Mr. Chillingworth, one of the servants, who was taken suddenly ill, and allowed to provide a substitute. I met him in the guard-chamber to-day, and was so pleased with his manners, that I offered to bring him here."

Before the serjeant could reply, Timperley announced, Mr. Needler Webb, the Earl of Sunderland's gentleman, and Mrs. Loveday, the countess of Bridgewater's lady's-maid. A coat of green embossed velvet, which had very recently been the property of his noble master—a laced satin waistcoat, pink silk hose, and shoes with pink heels, constituted Mr. Needler Webb's attire. He affected a rakish air, and was very much bepatched and perfumed. Mrs. Loveday was equally gaily attired, and dropping a curtsy to the ground in reply to the serjeant's bow, joined the other ladies. Next came Mr. Prankard, Lord Ryalton's chief valet, another smart fellow; and after him, a smarter fellow still, Mr. Lascelles, Lord Ross's gentleman. Then came Lady Rivers's lady's-maid, Mrs. Semple, and Lady Di Cecil's maid, Mrs. Clerges. Half-a-dozen more arrivals occurred, and the room presented a rather crowded appearance, when Bimbelot and Sauvageon were announced. With a mincing gait the vain little French valet advanced towards the serjeant, and then bowed to the ladies. It was easy to see that he thought himself the best-bred, the best-dressed, and the best-looking person in the room. His master being still confined to his couch from the effects of the duel, Bimbelot thought it a good opportunity of wearing his full-dress suit, and accordingly he appeared in a coat of scarlet cloth bound with gold, a magnificent waistcoat, a campaign wig, a laced cravat and ruffles. The splendour of his attire won him the admiration of the fairer portion of the company, which he was not slow to perceive, but ogled them very familiarly all round, kissing his hand, grinning, bowing, and chattering. As to Sauvageon, he contented himself with talking to Proddy.

Mulled wine and biscuits were next handed round, and shortly

afterwards, the serjeant took possession of a stool at the upper end of the room, and beat a call, while Jiggins perched himself on a chair behind him. This was understood to be the signal for dancing, and the ball was opened by a minuet, in which Bimbelot and Mrs. Loveday, and Needler Webb and Mrs. Clerges were the performers; and in spite of the shrillness of the music, which was not exactly in unison with the grave measure of the dance, the two couples not only acquitted themselves to their own satisfaction, but to that of everybody else. Mezansene and Mrs. Semple next stood up for a rigadon, and executed it with so much spirit, that an encore was called for.

"Qui est ce jeune homme là, sergent?" inquired Bimbelot. "Il ressemble diablement à quelqu'un de mes amis, mais qui, je ne peu pas rappeler."

"I'm quite as much perplexed as you are, Bamby," replied Scales. "For the life of me I can't make out who he is like. I'll ask him when an opportunity offers."

It occurred immediately afterwards. The young man having quitted his partner, came towards them.

"Mr. Mezansene," said Scales, "Bamby and I have discovered a great resemblance between you and——"

"Whom?" demanded the other, with a slight start.

"Nay, don't be alarmed. Between you and a friend of ours, whose name we can't at this moment recollect. Have you ever been thought like anybody?"

"Not that I'm aware of," replied Mezansene, carelessly. "But it's very possible."

"Mezansene — c'est un nomme François, monsieur," cried Bimbelot. "Vous etes mon compatriote."

"Pas tout-à-fait, monsieur," replied Mezansene; "mais ma mère etait Française."

"Ah! c'est assez—c'est assez," cried Bimbelot, embracing him. "J'étois sur que vous etiez François—vous etes si beau—vous dansez si legerement—je suis fier de vous, mon ami."

And tapping him on the breast, he led him to Sauvageon, who upon being introduced to him, appeared equally enchanted with him.

Meantime, a cotillon had been called for; then followed a jig, in which Proddy and Mrs. Plumpton distinguished themselves, occasioning immense laughter by their extraordinary and unexpected agility; after that succeeded the fine old dance of "the hay;" and after a breathing-pause had been allowed, and refreshments handed round, the pretty and animating cushion-dance was performed—the serjeant drumming away all the while with untiring spirit, and Jiggins only stopping now and then to wet his whistle. The cushion-dance concluded, all sat down, and to be sure, such flourishing of handkerchiefs, such puffing and blowing, and such mopping of warm faces as followed! It was delectable to witness it, at least so thought



the serjeant. In the midst of it all, Mr. Parker marched into the kitchen, bearing an immense bowl (Mrs. Plumpton's loan) of cold punch, which he proceeded to set down upon the dresser. The moment was admirably chosen; and as large goblets of the cool and fragrant beverage were handed round, it was pronounced to be more delicious than nectar. And then the laughter and jokes that followed. Talk of champagne!—the best champagne ever grown would not have done its duty half so well, or so quickly, as that bowl of punch. Your health, serjeant, in a glass of it.

Again the serjeant's drum beats merrily rat-a-tat, and again the fife pours forth its shrilly notes. By this time all are in such tip-top spirits that nothing but a country-dance will serve their turn, and accordingly partners are instantly chosen, Proddy selecting Mrs. Plumpton, Bimbelot Mrs. Tipping, Needler Webb Mrs. Semple, Mezansene Mrs. Loveday, and the others suiting themselves as they can. In another instant all are in their places, forming two lines, extending the whole length of the kitchen, the fifer playing the liveliest tune imaginable, and Scales coming in every now and then, when required, with a most inspiring rub-a-dub. Proddy and Mrs. Plumpton lead off, and if they have distinguished themselves in the jig, they surpass their former efforts now. Wonderful is it to behold how lightly Proddy skips about, how he flies down the middle, turns his partner, and winds, without giddiness or apparent fatigue, through all the mazes and labyrinths of the bewildering dance. Even Scales cannot refuse his applause, but cheers him as he bounds along. And well is he seconded by Mrs. Plumpton. She dances with astonishing lightness and energy, and never flags for a moment till they reach the bottom, where a couple of glasses of punch refresh them, and stimulate them to new exertions. Bimbelot and Mrs. Tipping are soon beside them, and in a marvellously short space of time, they find themselves at the top once more.

"Why, you're not going down again, Proddy?" cried the serjeant.

"Yes, but I am though," cried the coachman, throwing open his coat, and displaying the full breadth of his chest, and the voluminous glories of his striped waistcoat. I won't be the first to give in, I can promise you. Blow away, fifer. Drum away, serjeant. And do you, girl," he added to a scullion who was standing on a chair near the fire-place, laughingly surveying the group, "snuff those candles, and throw a little more light on the subject. Now, Bamby, my boy, stir your stumps!"

And as he spoke, he recommenced, with greater spirit than ever, twirling about, and cutting all sorts of fantastic capers, while his example was followed by Bimbelot, who was excited to a pitch of the most hilarious enthusiasm. But the coachman was not destined to bring this second passage to an equally successful conclusion with the first. As he was mid-career, a foot was put

forward, whether designedly or not could not be ascertained, but down he came, dragging his partner with him, and upsetting Sauvageon and Needler Webb. But this was not all. Bimbelot and Mrs. Tipping, who were following closely at his heels at a headlong pace, found it impossible to stop, but tumbled over him, while Mr. Lascelles and Mrs. Clerges tumbled over them, completely burying the poor coachman. Fortunately he was rescued from his perilous position before he was quite suffocated; but a stop was put to the dance, and Mr. Parker proposed that they should adjourn to the supper, which awaited them in the servants'-hall—a proposition which was eagerly agreed to.

Amply had Mr. Fishwick redeemed his promise to provide a good supper, and the abundance and substantial character of the repast, proved his perfect conception of the powers of those who were to be its consumers. The centre of the table was occupied by a large raised pie, shaped like a drum, on the top of which was mounted a little baked model of the serjeant himself, pronounced as "like as life" by Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, and so accurately representing the original, that you might see the very patch on his nose. At the upper end of the table, where the serjeant sat of course, was a noble sirloin of cold beef; and at the other end was a gigantic barrel, or rather tub, of oysters. A goodly ham, tongues, cold fowls, lobsters, and less substantial matters, in the shape of sweets and jellies, constituted the remainder of the repast. And if the cook had been bountiful in his supply of eatables, the butler was not much behind him in a due provision of drinkables. Jugs of punch were placed at short intervals, with a bottle of wine between each, and a mighty tankard of hot-spiced ale, with a toast floating in it, flanked the sirloin. Altogether, the board presented as inviting an appearance as guests who had earned famous appetites by healthful and agreeable exercise could desire, and they gathered eagerly round it. Scales was supported on either hand by Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, and carved away at the sirloin, as if he were hewing down the ranks of the enemy; while Fishwick faced him, and took charge of the oysters, opening them with a rapidity only equalled by the quickness of their disappearance. Then for a brief while was there silence, broken only by the clatter of knives and forks; but as soon as a few glasses of punch had been swallowed, the laughter and jest broke forth anew, and with additional force, and were never afterwards hushed—not even by the plates of toasted cheese that followed the removal of the beef and oysters. The mighty tankard then went round, exciting much merriment as it described its circuit, from the circumstance of Bimbelot and other gallants striving to drink from the particular spots that had been pressed by the sweet lips that had preceded them. Lastly, Mrs. Plumpton's bottle of usquebaugh was introduced, and proved peculiarly acceptable to those who thought the oysters sat rather



coldly on the stomach. The serjeant then rising, requested bumpers to be filled all round, and with great earnestness, proposed, "The Queen and the Duke of Marlborough!" The toast was drunk with prodigious enthusiasm. After which Proddy got on a chair, and calling out for fresh bumpers, proposed "the giver of the drum," and in the hurrahs that followed it, unintentionally threw the contents of his glass into Bimbelot's face.

The serjeant returned thanks in a song, and seeing that the spirits of his guests had reached a point of elevation, any increase beyond which might be dangerous, suggested a return to the dancing-room, and a movement was made thither accordingly. The fifer played a country-dance, and Proddy would fain have re-engaged Mrs. Plumpton, but Bimbelot had been beforehand with him, which, together with the valet's triumphant grin, so exasperated the coachman, that he presently contrived to jostle the Frenchman, and in doing so, pushed him rather forcibly against Mezansene, who fancying the attack intentional, replied by a kick so well applied, that it sent the little valet capering to the other end of the room. The dancers instantly stopped, and the serjeant abandoning his drum, rushed to interpose. But all would not do. Bimbelot was furious, and demanded instant satisfaction; upon which Scales declared, if he fought anybody, he must fight him, as he was determined to espouse Mezansene's quarrel—the latter being a stranger. The little Frenchman then turned his wrath upon the mediator, and affirmed that he displayed the grossest partiality, and that sooner than not fight at all, after the outrageous insult he had received, he *would* fight him—a decision in which he was confirmed by Sauvageon. After considerable altercation, as no arrangement could be come to, the irate parties withdrew to a back chamber, attended by the male portion of the assemblage, when the serjeant, who had retired to his own room for a moment, returned with a pair of huge horse-pistols, at the sight of which Bimbelot was observed to turn excessively pale.

"Here are pistols ready loaded," said Scales; "and since you're determined to fight, have it out at once."

"Je suis content," said Mezansene. "Nous tirerons à travers un mouchoir, si vous voulez, Monsieur Bimbelot."

"No," replied Scales. "We'll remove the candles—and then you shall shoot at each other in the dark. That'll be the best way to settle it."

This proposition was not entirely satisfactory to Bimbelot; but on a word from Sauvageon he acceded to it. Each combatant having taken a pistol, the candles were removed, and they were left together in the dark. Not a word was spoken on either side, nor any movement made so as to be audible to the other for a few moments. Mezansene, who had laughed at the whole affair, was determined to abide his opponent's fire;

but as the other appeared so slow, he grew impatient, and came to the resolution of discharging his own pistol. But how to do so without mischief was the question. "I don't want to hurt the poor fellow," he thought; "and in whatever direction I fire I may chance to hit him. Ah, a plan occurs to me!"

The scheme was no sooner thought of than put into execution. He stepped forward noiselessly till his hand touched the wall, and then felt along it till he came to the fire-place. Putting the pistol up the chimney, he drew the trigger, and immediately after the discharge a heavy body came tumbling down. A strange surmise crossed Mezansene, which was confirmed next moment when the lights appeared. Poor Bimbelot had taken refuge in the chimney, and his adversary, in his anxiety to avoid him, had chanced upon his hiding-place. Luckily no damage was done him further than a few trifling bruises, occasioned by the fall, and the serjeant informed Mezansene, privately, that "if Bamby was hit at all, it must have been with the wadding, for he had put no balls in the pistols." Mezansene kept this piece of information to himself, though he laughed heartily at it, nor did he say anything of what he knew of Bimbelot's place of refuge. Matters were therefore easily adjusted. Hands were again shaken; more punch was introduced; more dancing followed; more jokes; a great deal more laughter; and the serjeant's drum terminated as merrily as it began.

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## CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

### ANOTHER LOVE SCENE IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

ONE morning, about a week after this merry party, the door of the queen's private apartments in Saint James's palace opened, and Abigail and Lady Rivers entered the ante-chamber. No one was there except the new attendant, Mezansene, who drew back respectfully as they paused.

"I have come with you, my dear Lady Rivers," said Abigail, "to learn if you have heard any tidings of Masham."

"I guessed your motive," replied the other; "but I am sorry I can tell you nothing more of him, than that it is believed he is gone abroad. He is certainly not with his father, Sir Francis Masham, at High Laver, for a letter was received from the old baronet yesterday, by Lord Rivers, making inquiries after his son."

"How very strange!" exclaimed Abigail. "As far as I can learn, he has written to no one. On quitting the palace, it appears he immediately went home, and after giving some directions to his confidential servant, and saying he should probably not return for two or three months, and that no inquiries need be made about him, he set out unattended, and has not been heard of since. All Mr. Harley's inquiries have been fruitless.



"I own I begin to feel very uneasy, and though I try to reason myself out of my apprehensions, I cannot succeed."

"Oh! you needn't be alarmed about his safety," returned Lady Rivers. "It's more than likely he has gone to Paris to amuse himself at that gay court."

"Perhaps so," said Abigail. "But then he might write."

"But consider the attractions of the French capital, my dear," rejoined Lady Rivers, somewhat maliciously. "Besides, he may have fallen in love again."

"I don't think it likely," cried Abigail.

"And do you really—seriously imagine he will remain constant to you during his exile, my dear?" asked Lady Rivers.

"I should not bestow another thought on him if I supposed otherwise," replied Abigail.

"And how as to yourself?" continued her ladyship. "Can you remain constant, too?"

"I can answer for myself more positively than for him," rejoined Abigail. "I can."

"Well, three months is a long time," said Lady Rivers. "It would try me very hard—especially if I were exposed like you to the attentions of so many agreeable fellows. Three months—Poor Masham! he stands but a poor chance—ha! ha!"

"Your ladyship may laugh as much as you please," replied Abigail, in a slight tone of pique; "but if I know myself, my sentiments will continue unchanged."

"So you think now, my dear," rejoined Lady Rivers; "but scarcely a fortnight has elapsed since his departure. Come, I'll lay you a wager you forget him before the month is out. Hush!" she exclaimed, pointing to Mezansene with her fan; "that young man is listening to us. We'll talk of this another time. Good day, my dear."

"If you hear anything of Masham, be sure and let me know it," said Abigail.

"Be sure I will," replied Lady Rivers. "I hope I shan't have any unpleasant intelligence to communicate—that he has got a new lady-love! ha! ha!"

"In pity spare me!" cried Abigail.

"Oh that he could see you now!" cried Lady Rivers, screaming with laughter. But she suddenly checked herself, muttering—"that young man again."

"Your ladyship is excessively cruel," said Abigail. "To hear you laugh thus, one would think you had never been in love yourself."

"Perhaps I never have," replied Lady Rivers; "but at all events, I profess no romantic constancy. And now adieu, for I really must go." With this she left the room, the door being opened for her by Mezansene.

"Oh, the pain of being separated from the object of one's regard!" exclaimed Abigail, half aloud. "Every occupation loses its interest—every pleasure its zest; and though the surface may

appear as bright and gay as ever, the heart will ache bitterly the while, and tears—bitter tears flow in secret. Heigho! The queen must not see I have been weeping," she added, drying her eyes with her handkerchief.

As she was moving towards the inner door, Mezansene followed her. He was greatly embarrassed; but Abigail was too much confused to notice him particularly.

"I have a letter for you, Miss Hill," he said, in a voice husky with emotion.

"For me!" cried Abigail, in surprise. "It must be from him!" she exclaimed, as she took it.

And unable to resist the impulse, she broke the seal, and eagerly devoured its contents. "He has not left London, he writes," she murmured, in irrepressible delight—"he will contrive to see me soon—here—in the palace. But how and when, he does not state. Where did you get this letter?" she asked of Mezansene, but without daring to raise her eyes.

"I am bound to secrecy," he replied, still in troubled tones; "but thus much I may say,—he who wrote it is now in the palace."

"Here—imprudent!" exclaimed Abigail, placing her hand on her heart.

"You look faint, madam," cried Mezansene; "shall I bring a chair?"

"No, it is passed," replied Abigail; "but are my senses wandering? Have I cheated myself into the belief that I heard his voice? Is it," she added, looking up, and regarding Mezansene, fixedly—"is it you, Masham?"

"It is indeed, Abigail," replied the young man, falling on his knee before her, and pressing her hand rapturously to his lips.

"And you have run this risk for me?" she said, with a look of grateful tenderness.

"I would brave death itself, to be near you, Abigail," he replied, passionately. "I could not obey the queen's harsh mandate. I could not tear myself from you. But not daring to present myself in my own person, I assumed this disguise. I bribed one of the royal servants, Chillingworth, whom I knew to be a trusty fellow, to feign illness, and to engage me as his substitute. I am at present known by my mother's maiden name of Mezansene. Though I have been in the palace nearly a fortnight, it is not till this moment that I have found an opportunity of speaking with you, without incurring needless risk. But I have seen you often, Abigail—often, when you have not noticed me. I have seen you look pensive, and have persuaded myself that the sadness was occasioned by my supposed absence. Oh! how I have longed to approach you—to make a sign to you—to hazard a whisper—but I restrained myself. I was content to see you—to be near you—for I knew a time of meeting would come."



"It is well you failed in making me aware of your presence," said Abigail, "for if I had perceived you suddenly, I should infallibly have betrayed myself. If you are discovered, our hopes are for ever blighted. The queen will never forgive me; and the duchess has so many spies, that the utmost caution is necessary."

"I have hitherto escaped detection," replied Masham; "and now that I have made you aware of my propinquity, I shall be more easy, and therefore less liable to be off my guard. But tell me—are you restored to the queen's favour?"

"Quite," she replied. "For a few days the duchess had regained all her old influence, and during that time made every effort to procure my dismissal. And if she could have controlled her arbitrary nature, she might, perhaps, have succeeded; but, luckily for me, the queen's disinclination to listen to her roused her passion, and she gave vent to it in her customary violence and threats. A breach followed this explosion; and though it is in some degree made up, a coldness still subsists between them. In my own opinion, and in that of Mr. Harley, the queen never will be reconciled with her again, not even ostensibly; but the duchess thinks differently, and has lost none of her confidence. She comports herself with unparalleled haughtiness and insolence towards her majesty, who shrinks from any encounter with her."

"Poor queen!" exclaimed Masham.

"Ay, poor queen indeed!" echoed Abigail, with a sigh. "She well deserves your sympathy. Never was affection and kindness more unworthily requited than hers has been; never was good-nature more abused; never forbearance more presumed upon. But even she may be tried too hard, and that the tyrannical duchess will find out ere long."

"Why does not the queen free herself at once?" cried Masham. "Is she not absolute mistress here?"

"Absolute mistress in appearance, but not in reality," replied Abigail; "there is no person in this palace more dependant than its sovereign mistress. Her nature is so affectionate, that love with her is a necessity; and since she has lost all her children, her heart has had a void which she has sought to fill up with friendship. How she has been disappointed, you see. But the pang of for ever sundering old ties and old feelings is so great, that she shrinks from it. It is the kindness of the queen's heart that makes her irresolute. This the duchess knows, and she takes advantage of it. When matters become desperate between them, she adroitly makes some slight concession, soothes the queen's wounded feelings, and all is right again. But if I can prevent it, the present difference shall not be healed."

"You are right," replied Masham; "your duty to the queen demands it. It is intolerable to see so much excellence so greatly abused. But how stands Harley with her majesty?"

"His favour increases," replied Abigail. "He is admitted to frequent private conferences, and strenuously urges measures which he affirms would prove beneficial."

"Unfortunately, Harley has only the furtherance of his own schemes in view," observed Masham.

"So the queen suspects," rejoined Abigail; "and therefore she has not entire confidence in him. Poor lady! she is sorely perplexed. She fears the duchess—doubts Harley—and distrusts herself. Ah!" she added, as the inner door slowly opened. "She comes."

Masham had scarcely time to draw back a few paces, when the queen, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, entered the room.

"Ah! Abigail, I am glad to find you," said Anne. "I thought you long in returning. But what is the matter? You appear agitated."

"I have just received a letter, madam," replied Abigail, in some confusion.

"From Mr. Masham—ha?" said the queen. "Nay, I see it by your blushes. You need not be alarmed. I did not interdict him from writing to you. Well, and where is he?"

"Pardon me, madam, I am not at liberty to tell you," replied Abigail.

"Well, I will not use my prerogative, and enforce an answer," rejoined the queen. "Provided he obeys my injunctions, and absents himself from court, I am content."

"Heyday, who have we here?" cried Prince George;—"a strange face. Come hither, young man. Why don't you move, sirrah, when you're called? Zounds! is the fellow deaf?"

"You frighten him," said the queen, smiling good humouredly.

"What's the matter, sirrah?" cried the prince, stepping towards Masham.—"'Sdeath! how very like?—It must be——"

"Must be whom?" asked the queen, half turning round. "Who is he like?"

"One of the servants at Hampton Court," replied the prince, adroitly placing himself between her and Masham. "Your majesty recollects Tom Ottley. This young man is the very image of him. Oh! you rascal! I've found you out," he added in an undertone, and shaking his hand at the alarmed equerry.

"You have gone very pale again, Abigail," said the queen to her. "You are certainly unwell."

"I shall be better presently," replied Abigail, in a faint voice.

"Your paleness increases!" cried the queen, in some alarm. "A chair!"

Masham immediately flew for one, but the prince took it from him, and carried it to Abigail, who sank into it.

"The salts!" exclaimed the queen, "there is a bottle on that table."



Masham rushed to obey her, and in the hurry knocked down a couple of China ornaments, which were broken in pieces upon the floor. Aghast at what he had done, he stood irresolute, while the prince, darting an angry look at him, ran up, and snatching the bottle of salts from his hand, gave it to the queen.

"That is a very careless person," said Anne, making Abigail breathe at the salts. "What is his name?"

"Masham!" exclaimed Abigail, faintly.

"Masham!—nonsense!" exclaimed the prince. "Her thoughts are for ever running on her lover. The queen desires to know your name, sirrah?" he added, turning towards Masham, and winking at him. "How are you called—Tomkins or Wilkins, eh?"

"Neither, your highness," was the reply. "My name is Mezansene."

"Mezansene—ha!" rejoined the prince. "Well then, Mr. Mezansene, I hope you'll be more careful in future. I rather liked your looks, and designed to keep you in attendance chiefly on myself. But if you're so confoundedly heedless, I can't do it."

"I crave your highness's pardon," said Masham.

"Well—well, I'll overlook the first fault," rejoined the prince. "Come to my apartments in the evening. My apartments, you understand," he added, with a wink at Masham, who replied with a low bow.

"You look better now, child," said the queen, who had been lavish in her attentions to Abigail. "I hope you will have no recurrence of these attacks."

"I shall never have another, I am sure, gracious madam," replied Abigail, "if you will revoke your sentence on Mr. Masham."

"Do not press me on that point, Abigail," replied the queen. "I cannot do it. You had better retire to your own room. I am going to the library to Mr. Harley, who desires an immediate audience with me. Come, prince, we have detained him long enough. Take care of yourself, child, and think no more of Mr. Masham, if you can help it."

Abigail passed into the inner room without hazarding a look at her lover, while he opened the door for the queen.

Prince George lingered behind for a moment, and said in his equerry's ear—"Confounded scrape you would have got into but for me. Take care you're not found out, or I shall come in for a share of the blame. Coming, your majesty." And he added aloud—"Mind and don't forget what I've told you, Masham—Mezansene, I mean. Deuce take it, I hope she didn't overhear me."

And he hurried after the queen.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

WHEREIN MARLBOROUGH AND GODOLPHIN DEMAND HARLEY'S DISMISSAL  
OF THE QUEEN.

SHORTLY after this, the queen and the prince entered the library, a large, lofty, well-proportioned room, constructed by Charles the Second, and slightly altered by William the Third. It had a semi-coved ceiling, with a deep, richly-moulded cornice, and the windows, which were square and formal with heavy frameworks, and placed under round arches, supported by pilasters in the worst Italian taste, looked out into the gardens of the palace. Between the springings of each arch, on a pedestal, was set a bust; and there were numerous others disposed in different parts of the room. Well-filled bookcases projected from between the windows so as to form charming nooks for reading; and the walls on the opposite side were covered with goodly tomes and maps. Throughout the palace, there was not a pleasanter retreat than the library.

Harley was expecting the queen with much impatience, and even exhibited it when she appeared. After returning his salutation, Anne seated herself at a small round table, on which writing materials were placed, and behind which stood a large japan screen, while the prince stationed himself beside her with his arm leaning on the back of her chair.

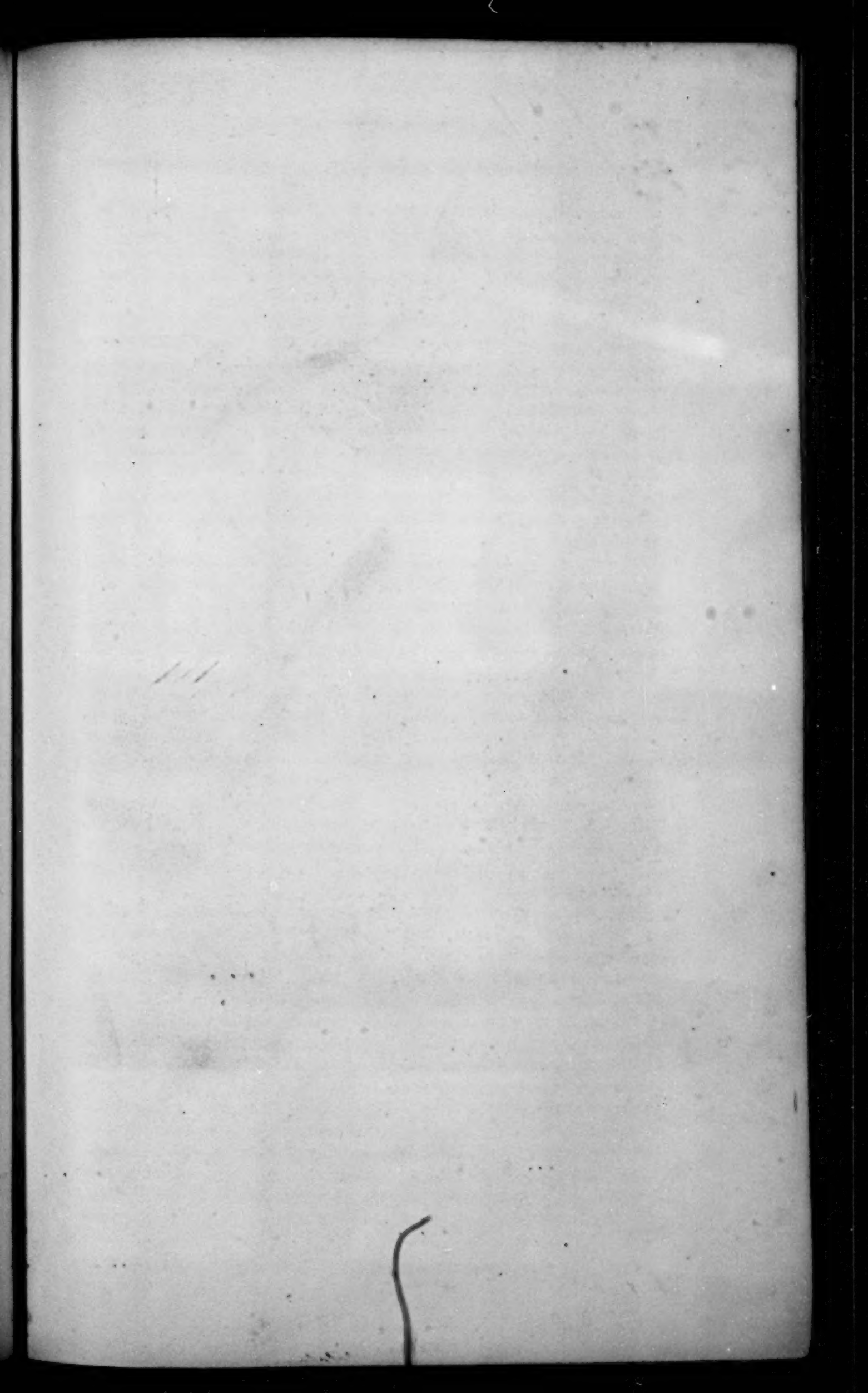
"The time is at length arrived, madam," said Harley, speaking hurriedly, and energetically, "when some positive decision must be come to, and when either I and Saint-John, or Godolphin and Marlborough, must retire. It can be no longer averted. Positive assurance has been given me that at the cabinet council which, as your majesty is aware, has been summoned this morning, these lords will announce their intention of resigning, if I am not dismissed. It will therefore be a trial of strength; but if I am supported by your majesty, I can have no fear as to the result."

"I hope their threat will not be put into execution, sir," replied Anne, much alarmed at what she heard. "This is a most unfortunate juncture for a change of ministry."

"It must be avoided, if possible," said Prince George, helping himself to a large pinch of snuff.

"There is no way of avoiding it," replied Harley. "The difficulty *must* be met; and I confess I have none of the apprehensions apparently entertained by her majesty. An outcry will no doubt be raised at first, but it will instantly subside. Marlborough's popularity has reached its climax—nay, is on the decline. The war in the Low Countries has been too long protracted, and the public coffers have been too heavily drained by the vast supplies required, not to have opened the eyes of all thinking persons to the grievance; and they have begun to perceive, now that the dazzle of victory is over, that this most expensive pastime







Marlborough and Godolphin demanding Harley's dismissal of the Queen.



is only carried on to enrich the commander-in-chief himself. The Earl of Rochester, who will support the new administration, threatens to inquire why the attack on France is ever made through the Netherlands, instead of through Spain, the principal object of the war, and where our success might be double what it is, if we had a larger army than that commanded by the brave, though rash, Earl of Peterborough. Public feeling, moreover, is against the continuance of the war. We have bought our honours too dearly; and though the noisy mob may lose their idol, Marlborough, a new puppet can be bought for them, and at a less ruinous price. As to Lord Godolphin's resignation, with submission to your majesty, it will be scarcely felt, for it can be well supplied."

"By Mr. Harley?" said the prince, somewhat sarcastically.

"No, by a far better man, your highness," replied Harley—"by Lord Poulet. I shall be well content to hold my present office, or any office in which I can effectively serve her majesty; but she has expressed a wish, in the event of a change, that I should take the chancellorship of the exchequer."

"With the real powers of government," muttered the prince.

"A Tory ministry can be instantly formed," continued Harley, "of which Lords Rochester, Nottingham, Haversham, and Dartmouth, may be members. All your majesty's favourite measures can then be carried. You will never again be thwarted as you have been, so repeatedly, and so vexatiously, by the insolent and domineering Whigs."

"You promise fairly, sir," remarked Anne.

"I promise what I will perform, madam," replied Harley. "And I also promise your highness," he added to the prince, "an exemption from those sneers and censures with which your administration of the admiralty has been visited. Your highness owes the Tories some favour for a special service they have rendered you, to which I need not allude."

"I am not forgetful for the handsome provision they have made for me in case of her dear majesty's demise before mine, as I think I have shewn, sir," replied the prince, with a low, and somewhat sarcastic bow; "but I don't see how I can advise the queen to support them now. It is a very critical juncture; and the slightest error in judgment will be fraught with the most perilous consequences."

"At all events her majesty will determine," replied Harley. "I have used every argument I think right with her."

"My inclinations are with you, undoubtedly," replied the queen.

"If such is really the case, gracious madam," replied Harley, bending the knee to her, "do not hesitate. Consult your own happiness—your own greatness. And do not forget that if Marlborough and Godolphin go, the duchess goes likewise."

"Enough, sir," replied the queen. "You may rise. I have decided. I will support you."

"Take time to reflect—take time!" cried the prince.

"I *have* reflected," replied Anne. "Whatever the consequence may be, Mr. Harley shall have my support."

"Your majesty will never repent your decision," rejoined the secretary, scarcely able to repress his satisfaction.

At this moment, an usher entered the library, and informed the queen that the duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin were without, and craved an instant audience of her majesty. Anne looked significantly at Harley.

"I will retire," said the secretary. "It were better they did not know of this interview."

"You cannot retire without passing through the room where they are waiting," replied the queen.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the prince. "Stay, I have it. Perhaps Mr. Harley would not object to step behind this screen?"

Harley signified his ready acquiescence, and as the usher withdrew, ensconced himself as directed by the prince. The next moment the usher returned, and announced the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin.

The commander-in-chief looked grave; and the gloom habitual to the countenance of the lord-treasurer was now almost deepened to severity. Godolphin's usual deportment, though destitute of haughtiness, was cold and repelling; and so averse was he to flattery, or to the show of it, that he almost resented common civility; while frankness, which passed with him for sincerity, obtained more credit than it deserved. His complexion was black, with thick beetling brows, which added to the sternness of his expression. He was somewhat below the middle size, and of a spare frame; and though turned sixty, looked full of vigour, bodily as well as mentally. He seemed one of those men made to last. He was plainly attired in a snuff-coloured suit, and wore a black campaign wig that harmonized with his complexion. Godolphin was one of the best, if not one of the greatest, prime-ministers that this country ever possessed. The exalted post which he filled so admirably, had been modestly refused, when proffered to him, and was forced upon his acceptance by Marlborough, who declared that he himself would not undertake the command of the army, unless Godolphin regulated the supplies. By this great master of finance the revenue was so much improved, that in spite of the debts of the nation, five per cent. interest was paid for money placed in the public funds; and so incorruptibly honest was he in the administration of the treasure confided to him, so utterly free from venality in the disposal of place, that, in spite of the most rigid economy in his own establishment, he quitted office little richer than he entered it.



Neither would he ask for the retiring pension which had been promised him.

The customary salutations having been gone through, but more coldly and formally than usually, on both sides, Marlborough spoke.

"It is with infinite concern that the lord-treasurer and myself present ourselves before your majesty, to advise a course of conduct which we have reason to believe may prove at variance with your own inclinations. Nevertheless, it is our duty so to advise you, and we do not shrink from the task, however painful it may be to us. Of late, to our great grief, we have found that your majesty has withdrawn your confidence from your long-trying and most responsible advisers, and has bestowed it upon one little worthy in any way of such distinction; while the person in question has been further favoured by frequent conferences with you, from which we have been utterly excluded. If we have been misinformed your majesty will be pleased to say so."

"If your grace refers to Mr. Harley, I have certainly permitted him to visit me rather frequently in an evening," replied the queen, fanning herself impatiently.

"Our information was then correct," resumed Marlborough, "and your majesty having made the admission, we demand Mr. Harley's dismissal."

"Demand it?" echoed Anne. "But let that pass. On what grounds do you *demand* his dismissal?"

"On these, madam," replied Godolphin, coming forward. "By lending your countenance to so notorious an intriguer with France, you degrade your own cabinet, and lessen its power, while you increase the confidence of its opponents."

"You do not speak with your wonted calmness, my lord," observed the queen, with asperity. "Can it be jealousy that moves you so?"

"I had hoped that my long services would have saved me from such an unworthy imputation," replied Godolphin. "But if your majesty has forgotten my deserts, I have not forgotten the loyalty and devotion I owe you, and both prompt me to implore you not to commit the honour and security of your kingdom to this traitor. He will be as false to you as he has been to us."

"Though we have hitherto failed in bringing the matter home to Harley through his miserable creature, Greg," said Marlborough, "not a doubt can exist that he has betrayed the secrets of our cabinet to that of France; and I have yet stronger confirmation in these letters," tendering papers to the queen, "which were found upon the persons of two smugglers named Vallière and Bera, who have just been arrested, and who were professedly employed by him to obtain intelligence on the French coast, while it is thus proved, beyond all question, what was the actual nature of their service. It is true that the correspondence

has been so artfully contrived that Harley may not be implicated by it, but his criminality is unquestionable. On these grounds it is, madam, as well as on the ground of his treachery to us, his colleagues, that we demand Mr. Harley's dismissal from your service."

"And if I should decline to comply with the demand—what then?" said the queen, agitating her fan more violently than before, while Harley, with his finger on his lips, peered from behind the screen, to watch the effect of her speech on the duke.

"If after what has been said your majesty remains insensible to the prejudice done you by this person, we can only lament your wilful blindness," replied Marlborough, firmly; "but we are bound to regard our own honour and reputation; and we hereby respectfully announce to you, that no consideration shall induce us to serve longer with one whom we hold unworthy of association with men of honour."

"The Duke of Marlborough has fully expressed my sentiments, madam," said Lord Godolphin.

"You will act upon the determination you have so *respectfully* announced, my lords, if you think proper," replied Anne, rising with dignity; "but I will *not* dismiss Mr. Harley."

"Will your majesty grant me a hearing?" interposed the prince.

"Not if your highness is about to support their arguments," replied Anne, peremptorily.

"Bravo!" cried Harley to himself behind the screen. "All is won."

"Your majesty will then consider us as forced from your service," said Marlborough in a firm, but mournful tone.

And bowing profoundly, he withdrew with Godolphin.

"How shall I thank your majesty?" cried Harley, stepping from behind the screen.

"I know not how I have got through it," said Anne, sinking into the chair. "My mind misgives me."

"And so does mine—terribly," cried the prince. "You would not listen to me while there was yet time."

"You have acted nobly—courageously, madam," said Harley.

"But the blow must be followed up to ensure a victory."

"True," replied Anne, rising; "and, therefore, let us go to the privy-council."

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

SHewing HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED UPON THE SECRETARY.

ONCE again, on that same day, Masham and Abigail met, and in the same place too. Ascertaining that the queen was engaged with the privy-council, the fair attendant took advantage of the



opportunity that presented itself to return to the ante-room, where she was not without the hope of finding her lover, and where she in reality did find him. Delightful was the interview that ensued, but it was unfortunately cut short, and at the tenderest point too, by the abrupt entrance of the queen and her consort. Anne was in a state of too great perturbation to notice Masham, who sprang backward as the door opened, and affected to be employed at one of the tables; but the prince shook his head at him, with a look that seemed to say—"You are resolved to be detected, you imprudent rascal!"

"What has happened, gracious madam?" cried Abigail, flying to the queen. "I thought you were engaged with the privy-council."

"The council is broken up," replied the queen, hurriedly. "They met not to deliberate, but to dispute; and I therefore put a sudden termination to the meeting."

"I can guess the cause of the dispute," said Abigail. "The treasurer and the duke made their threatened attack on Mr. Harley."

"Neither the duke nor the treasurer were there," replied the queen; "but you shall hear what occurred. I took my place as usual,—the whole of the council being assembled, with the exception of the two important members you have mentioned, for whose absence, however, I was prepared, and was therefore not surprised at it. After a brief pause, during which I observed the council eye each other significantly, I motioned Mr. Harley to open the business of the meeting. He obeyed; but had scarcely commenced, when he was interrupted by the Duke of Somerset, who arose, and exclaimed with great vehemence, 'It is a mockery to proceed further. We cannot deliberate when the two leaders of the cabinet—persons by whose opinions we must be governed—are absent.' The duke had scarcely sat down, when the Earl of Sunderland arose, and said in a stern tone to Harley, 'I demand to know from Mr. Secretary why we are deprived of the attendance of the commander-in-chief and the lord-treasurer? When I parted with them both, an hour ago, I know it was their intention, under certain circumstances, to be present.'—'You have no right to put the question to me, my lord,' replied Mr. Harley, 'and I decline to answer it. But as you state that the duke and treasurer only meant to attend, under 'certain circumstances,' perhaps you will state what those circumstances are?—'The circumstances are these, sir,' the earl rejoined: 'they were about to signify to the queen that they would no longer serve with you, whom they find have played them falsely. And by their absence, I understand that her majesty has accepted their resignation. As their lordships will not serve with you, neither will I, nor will any of the council.' 'There you are wrong, my lord,' cried

Mr. Saint-John, 'for *I* will. I will fearlessly and strenuously support her majesty's determination against all opposition.' Sir Thomas Mansell, and Sir Simon Harcourt followed, to the same effect, but all the rest sided with Sunderland, and so fierce a discussion commenced between the conflicting parties, and such opprobrious language was used towards Mr. Harley, and so little respect shewn to myself, that I broke up the meeting, and retired."

"Your majesty has therefore placed yourself entirely in the hands of Mr. Harley?" cried Abigail, joyfully.

"Entirely," replied the queen.

"Oh! how glad I am to hear it," cried Abigail, hazarding a side-look at Masham, who was listening attentively to the conversation. "Your majesty will now have some quiet."

"On the contrary, I am afraid all chance of quiet is at an end," cried the prince, heaving a deep sigh.

"I am expecting a visit from Mr. Harley to advise what course is next to be pursued," said the queen. "Ha! here he is," she added, as the door opened. "No;" and her countenance fell. "It is the Duchess of Marlborough!"

"The duchess!" exclaimed the prince and Abigail together.

"I am unwelcome and unexpected, I perceive," said the duchess, maintaining her imperious air and deportment as she advanced towards the queen. "No matter. I have that to say which *must* be said, and quickly. Before your majesty is finally and irretrievably committed to this step, you will do well to pause. At all events, I will shew you the dangerous position in which you stand. The rumour of the change of administration has spread with lightning swiftness. The coffee-houses are thronged with members of both houses of parliament, who have expressed their dissatisfaction in no measured terms, and the language they now hold will be repeated when they take their places to-night. Those of the commons declare that the bill of supply which was ordered for to-day shall be allowed to lie on the table unread. Already the news of the treasurer's resignation has reached the city, and stocks have fallen lower than they have ever been known during your majesty's reign, while a meeting of the wealthiest merchants has been called to consider what is to be done in a crisis so alarming. As to the people, they are in a state of ferment. The precincts of the palace are surrounded by crowds, who are giving vent to their anger in hootings and groans."

"It is true, your majesty," cried Masham, looking out of the window; "the park is thronged with a vast mob, who appear in a very excited state. There! you may hear their shouts."

And as he spoke, distant groans were heard.

The duchess watched the queen's changing countenance with exultation. She read in it the impression she had produced.



"A popular tumult will ensue," she cried; "and once begun, who shall say where it will end."

"It is a plot!" cried the queen, enraged and alarmed. "I will not be intimidated."

"Your majesty had better listen to reason," remarked the prince. "Mr. Harley may find these difficulties unsurmountable."

"Mr. Harley cannot carry on the government, as her majesty will find," said the duchess. "Hated by the Whigs, distrusted by the Tories, he will neither have the confidence of the one party, nor the support of the other, while labouring as he does under the grave suspicion of trafficking with France, his instant dismissal will be called for by the voice of the whole nation. So circumstanced, he cannot stand for a day; and her majesty will have to bear all the fearful consequences of the attempt, with the disgrace of failure."

"Your majesty had better re-consider your opinion," urged the prince.

"There is no time to re-consider it," said the duchess. "An instant decision must be made. There is but one way of dispersing those crowds, and of appeasing the popular indignation."

"And that way I will not adopt," replied Anne, firmly. "I have promised to support Mr. Harley; and as long as he chooses to persevere, I will uphold him."

"Worthily resolved, madam," cried Abigail.

"Peace, wench, and deliver your opinion when it is asked," cried the duchess, coarsely. "I take my leave of your majesty. To-morrow, it will be your turn to come to me."

She then moved towards the door, but her departure was checked by the sudden entrance of Harley. His looks bespoke agitation and alarm.

"She here!" he muttered. "I hoped to have anticipated her. But no matter. Stay, duchess," he added, aloud, "you may wish to hear what I have to say to her majesty. Madam," he continued, throwing himself at the queen's feet, "I humbly thank you for the trust you have been graciously pleased to repose in me; but with the most ardent desire to serve you, and to carry out your designs, I am unable to do so."

"He confesses his incompetency!" exclaimed the duchess, triumphantly. "I knew he would be compelled to do so."

"The friends on whom I relied have fallen from me——," pursued Harley.

"It is needless to proceed, sir," interrupted the duchess. "I have already shewn her majesty the utter incapacity of the persons to whom she has thought fit to entrust the affairs of her kingdom."

"I hope you have also shewn her majesty that our inability arises chiefly, if not wholly, from your machinations, duchess,"

replied Harley. "It is with inexpressible concern that I am compelled to tender my resignation to your majesty."

"Resign before he has ever held office!" cried the duchess, derisively. "A capital jest—ha! ha! So ends this farce."

"My friends, Saint-John, Mansell, and Harcourt, retire with me," continued Harley.

"Cholmondeley, Walpole, and Montagu shall have their places," muttered the duchess.

"I accept your resignation with as much regret as you tender it, Mr. Harley," said the queen; "but though I lose your services, you shall not lose my favour. Duchess, as you have excited this tumult, you will now perhaps take means to allay it."

"Your majesty's happy decision needs but to be publicly announced to change those demonstrations of discontent into rejoicings," replied the duchess. "I will set about it immediately. Poor ex-secretary! He resembles his slippery namesake Harley-quin, when robbed of his wand by Pierrot."

"A sorry jest!" exclaimed Abigail—"and as ungenerous as sorry."

"If your majesty desires to propitiate the friends you have deserted, and have been obliged to recal, you will discharge your forward attendant," cried the duchess.

"Whatever happens, duchess, Abigail will remain with me," replied the queen.

"Your majesty has seen how ineffectual your resolutions are," rejoined the duchess, sarcastically. "Again I take my leave."

"To the door, Masham!" cried the prince.

"Masham!" exclaimed the duchess, looking round; "I thought he was banished."

"I meant Mezansene," replied the prince, in some embarrassment. "Deuce take my unlucky tongue!"

"There is something in this," muttered the duchess. "That young man is very like Masham. I must have an eye upon him. I go to execute your majesty's behests." And making a profound obeisance, she withdrew.

"I am now nothing more than your majesty's servant," observed Harley.

"You are no longer my minister," returned the queen; "but you are as much my friend—my adviser—as ever."

#### END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



## THE NEW GULL'S HORNE-BOOK.

"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry."—LEAR.

"A few horn-shavings with a bone or two."—BEN JONSON.

"To use many metaphors, poetical phrases in prose, or ink-horne terms, smelleth of affectation."—WRIGHT'S PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

UNDER the title of "*A New Spirit of the Age, edited by R. H. Horne, author of 'Orion,' 'Gregory VII.,' &c.*" we have a work, which might better have borne the designation that introduces our remarks; except that, so designated, there would have been some incongruity to notice, between the fairness and truth of the title, and the remarkable want of those qualities in the work itself.

This new "Spirit of the Age" is avowedly sent into the world to do for the twenty years last past in England, what Hazlitt, in the old "Spirit of the Age," did for the first twenty years of the century. The editor consequently announces himself, in no unintelligible terms, as a new Hazlitt. And a new Hazlitt he is.

We are bound in all conscience to acknowledge that there is a uniform exactness—yea, admirable harmony—between the modesty of this tacit declaration and the tone of most of the criticisms upon the New Spirit. Still, it might have been better to have recollected *Lady Teazle's* maxim about leaving honour unmentioned—and to have said nothing about Hazlitt. That bold and brilliant writer produced, in the volume referred to, the least valuable and satisfactory of his works; but whatever gaps he may be seen to have left in his design; however short of a full and complete measurement of his age his single-mindedness may have fallen; and however wanting even his acuteness and sympathy may have been, in the requisite variety of power to observe with distinctness, to picture with equal force, and to appreciate with universal fidelity all the many qualities of morality and intellect combined in the "spirit" he was to review—yet he at least proved at the very outset that he felt and comprehended the first distinguishing principle of his great subject—its "many-sidedness:" a principle which the philosopher of the New Spirit appears to have never once recognised or thought of, from the beginning to the end of his toils.

Hazlitt, if unfitted to realize his own conception, and to do what nobody else could perhaps at any period, clearly understood the "Spirit of the Age" to mean a power visible in the working of infinite and most opposite influences; the action of many minds, in ways essentially different and wonderfully remote from each other, while running very often insensibly to a point; the distinguishing quality of the time, manifested in the operation of its hundred principal products of Thought and Action. His sympathies were no narrower in their range than his understanding. In his work on the age, he wrote of Wordsworth, and he wrote also of Bentham. In the number of his spirits, he included Moore, and he included Malthus too; he took in Irving the Reverend, and Crabbe, and Wilberforce, as well as Byron and the Wicked; if he had one eye on Eldon, he had his other on Burdett; while Cobbett paired off with Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt

was in companionship with Gifford; Brougham and Southey walked arm in arm.

Here, at least, was something like a general scheme, an aim at comprehensiveness, and the frank acknowledgment and recognition of sufficient varieties of character and genius—(each, after its kind, working in its own original field, for an end specified, and in the open eye of the world)—to conjure up the idea and image of a Power anything but contemptible even when calling itself the Spirit of the Age.

But the New Spirit is altogether, from head to foot, quite another affair. Father Mathew, for example, has never been heard of by the hero of the New Spirit—pity but he had. The present Spirit is the spirit of a selection of names more or less conspicuous on the roll of literature, omitting almost every honoured name whatever that happens to be in any respect celebrated out of it. It is not, like the old, a meeting of the mighty waters; but a rivulet, very shallow and frothy in places, calling itself the ocean because it runs into it.

Twenty years ago! Why, Peel was then in his political apprenticeship, hardly venturing to dream of attaining to the undivided leadership of a great party; and O'Connell, at that time of day, had not carried the Clare election, which made some difference. Since then, the twinklers of that time have, in the sight of all men,

“Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky,”

and may in some quarters be regarded as not absolutely unentitled to be numbered among the spirits of the age—good or evil—but perhaps the people in those quarters are all wrong.

These, however, are but two—mentioned for their eminence and oppositeness—two only of the many distinguished names which should have crowded the list, and rendered it startling with prodigious contrasts of force and pretension, had the object pursued been the object advertised—to picture a new spirit of the age, and thus to portray its leading minds in their several spheres of action impartially. The object, indeed, has not been even attempted; unless we are to imagine that in Lord Ashley (almost the only name unassociated with literature contained in the two volumes) are comprised all the talents and all the excellences, all the wisdom and virtue put into action, all the philanthropy and enlightenment of the age, that happens to be not monopolized by authors.

We must, therefore, look at these volumes as attempting to portray not a new spirit of the age, but simply a new literary spirit. This is narrowing the ground wonderfully; and yet we see in the smaller design a deficiency as glaring. The impotence of the attempt is not a jot less ludicrous, and the partiality and presumption not a jot less censurable.

We make no objection to the spirits chosen to constitute the “new spirit”—not to any one of them. Several, if they are modest, will wonder perhaps at seeing themselves there at all; and others have undoubtedly earned a right to be left out, and to have been spared the pain of being unceremoniously dragged forth for sham-review and mock honour in this way. There, however, they are; of them anon. Our business is first with the deficiencies—or we should say, with more correctness, the omissions, for the other word applies equally to the



treatment which the majority of the introduced have experienced. And to these omissions, the following passage of the preface refers:—

"It has been throughout a matter of deep regret to the editor, more keenly felt as the work drew towards its conclusion, that he found himself compelled to omit several names which should have been included; not merely of authors, who, like himself, belong only to the last ten or fifteen years, but of veterans in the field of literature, who have not been duly estimated in collections of this kind. Inability to find sufficient space is one of the chief causes; in some cases, however, the omission is attributable to a difficulty of classification, or the perplexity induced by a versatility of talents in the same individual."

"Several" names then are confessedly omitted, names without which the new spirit is a spirit that requires to be rectified. No mention of them is made, but amongst the "several" are a few writers of history, such as Hallam, Alison, Turner, and Lingard; and certain members of the aristocracy, who, though not exclusively of the Ashley school, have served in the fields of philanthropy; but what is more to the point here, have also associated themselves with literature; the names of Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Mahon, Lord Normanby, and Lord John Russell, occur among others to the reader's recollection. The exact reason for the omission of these writers (of their very names, except in one instance or two) it would be tedious to make a matter of speculation—whether their talents were too versatile, or the space too contracted, remains a secret.

It must be from one of these two assigned causes, that a few of the novelists are as unceremoniously left out—more unceremoniously, seeing that the list of additions to the "several" commences with ladies—as Ladies Blessington, Charlotte Bury, and Morgan. Better however to omit, than to vituperate with the grossness that marks the assault on Mrs. Trollope. Who are the civilized critics that thus "tomahawk" ladies! Miss Edgeworth surely belongs still to the present, and Mrs. Southey, and Mrs. Bray, too; yet these can scarcely command a word—a tribute not accorded at all to such novelists as Morier and Ward; Warren and Benjamin D'Israeli; the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," the author of "Cyril Thornton," Chamier, Grattan, Ollier, &c. Hogg, Galt, Hope, Lister, and one or two more of his contemporaries, are, like Theodore Hook, dead; but Hook only is mentioned, for Hook is a subject for an article, which touches with anything but dignity upon a small portion of a large subject. Lockhart and Professor Wilson also figure among the illustrious omitted; for what reason they are left out it is absolutely impossible to guess; perhaps, their powers are so confoundedly versatile—perhaps, they could not be packed up, easily, in half a line; perhaps it was thought safer to let them alone.

The American writers whose works, like those of Washington Irving, (one of the elder "spirits,") form part of modern English literature, have nothing whatever to do with the new spirit of the age. Cooper and Haliburton are out. "Leatherstocking" and "Sam Slick" are bodily substances, not to be mentioned in the presence of spirits.

Equally will the reader be at a loss to discover, on what principle of selection, by what crotchet of taste, conformably to what rule of philosophical criticism, the poets have been adopted or rejected. Croly and Rogers may have been rejected as of the past, yet they are

present also upon a principle not in the least Irish. Allan Cunningham may have been excluded because he is dead; and Moir because he is living. What principle governs the rejection of Barry Cornwall, who is just singing new songs, and yet is not of the new Spirit! Robert Montgomery, by the way, is a noticeable spirit—James Montgomery is not! After this fact, it may be idle to say more.

It would take us too far, and into strangely mingled company, to consider at length these mystic points; and as we now approach that short consideration of the articles themselves which is all they are entitled to, and as literary criticisms much more, it will be necessary to have in mind the editorial announcement at the close of the preface:—

“It will be sufficiently apparent that *several hands* are in the work.”

That the “several” here alluded to are not the “several” alluded to before as excluded by virtue of the number of their claims to admission, or for the reason assigned by Joseph Andrews for not carving horses and heroes on the head of his walking-stick—“want of room”—is fairly supposable; but of course it would be altogether as unfair to suppose, that the “several hands” engaged in the work itself, have been employed therein in a reciprocity of puff, in bandying personal compliment, and decorating each other's dirty fingers with tawdry rings. It is infinitely more allowable, and indeed quite within the compass of fair conjecture, to presume that the editorial example openly and somewhat ostentatiously set, has been followed by each of the several modest contributors, and that the rule adopted was, that each “hand” should help itself, each bell have its own clapper, and every censor of others be judge in his own case. A notable example of this new mode of “blowing one's own horn,” is to be found at the hundredth page of the second volume, from which we quote the following remark and reference. The “unacted dramatists” are the gentle persons spoken of in the text.

#### CONTRIBUTOR.

“That in the pure element of dramatic composition they also consider themselves worthy to be ‘ranked with some of the dramatists of a nobler era,’ is undoubtedly true,—and one of them has been heard to set at nought the scoffs of his time, *by claiming to rank, in the pure elements of tragedy, with the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages.*”

#### MR. HORNE.

“Our esteemed contributor avoids naming the Author of ‘Cosmo de Medici,’ and ‘Gregory VII.’ for obvious reasons; but lest some others might have to bear the odium of taking their position into their own hands, the offender is hereby ‘given up’ to justice.”

Great events from trivial causes are common things enough; the curiosity now-a-days arises, not so much from the smallness, as from the extreme oddity of a cause. The incongruity, the apparent *non-sequitur-itiveness*, is sometimes comical—as in the present case. If one particular tragedy had been but acted, in all probability these critical sketches would never have been written; the Age would not have been made to laugh at its distorted image, nor the Body of the Time had reason to blush for its new Spirit.



Having copied the editor's note, it would be unjust to omit the expression of his anxiety (which refers especially to whatever has been written by himself in the work) that his readers "should never mistake the self-confidence of the critic for arrogance, or the presumptuous tone of assumed superiority, which are so revolting;" it is to be attributed to his "strong feeling of conviction, and a belief that he clearly sees the truth of the matter in question." That is all.

The work, then, is to be taken as the production of several hands—or Hazlitts, as they may be called—hands, with nobodies attached to them; hands that do their "spiriting," not quite so gently, so pleasantly, or so faithfully, as the hands with invisible owners in the fairy tale.

Here we have incidentally made an allusion that brings us by a short cut to one of the principal "features" of the work. Hands and fairy-tales! Alas, for fairy-tale and legend, for now they have fallen under the iron hand of a merciless moralist.

Truly, one of these hands is by its own confession—for it has a voice—an "iron hand;" of no less hard a metal; and it is laid thus heavily in purpose, crushingly in intention, on no other author alive than the author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends." We quote verbatim from p. 150, vol. i.:—

"The present age is bad enough without *such assistance*. Wherefore an iron hand is now laid upon the shoulder of Thomas Ingoldsby, and a voice murmurs in his ear, 'Brother, no more of this!'"

No more of *this*! That is, no more of the Ingoldsby Legends! Knowing of what the hand consists, it would be pleasant to know of what metal the face that belongs to it is made. "No more of this!" Such is the fraternal injunction; and nothing else could we make of it, though we were to read it and print it a thousand times. What innocent sin hath the Ingoldsby legend committed! Alas, the worst of sins—it has made men laugh; it has incurred the deadly, the inexpiable guilt of popularity!

"The 'Ingoldsby Legends' stand quite alone,—and they always will stand quite alone,—for the 'joke' will never be repeated. They are constructed upon a very curious and outrageous principle. As everybody finds his self-love and sense of the ridiculous in a high state of enjoyment at a 'damned tragedy,' by reason of the incongruity of the actual emotions compared with those which the subject was naturally intended to convey, and the luckless poet had built all his hopes upon conveying—the author of these legends has hit upon a plan for turning this not very amiable fact to account, by the production of a series of self-damned tragedies. Or, perhaps, they may be more properly termed most sanguinary melo-dramas, intermixed with broad farce over the knife and bowl."

"Refinement is an essential property of the ideal, and whatever is touched by ideality is so far redeemed from earth. But where there is *no* touch of it, all is of the earth, earthy. In this condition stands the Genius of the Ingoldsby Legends, eye-deep in its own dark slough. Everythings falls into it which approaches, or is drawn near."

It is not necessary to pause for one moment here, to echo what has been so widely and deeply expressed, in many circles of readers, among the learned and the unlearned, the jovial and the sedate, the wise and the simple;—a feeling of enjoyment in the wild and original pleasantries of Thomas Ingoldsby—in his thoughts and in his rhymes—in his wit and his music—in the astonishing ease of his verse, and the playfulness with which his humour can deliver itself not unfrequently of wise truth, as well as exquisite burlesque. The reader who is

familiar with the legends would anticipate all that we could say. But perhaps he has yet to learn that in every smooth but tortuous line of the many-winding legend, there lurks a snake—it hisses in the melody, and stings in the moral. Where he has laughed, he should have trembled and shuddered. When he has been shaking his sides, he should have shaken his head—shed iron tears, and stretched forth the iron hand. Any objection that may have been made heretofore, has been a shallow, undiscerning, insufficient objection, and now for the first time has a discovery been made—that what our good spirits have fed upon so merrily, was either “poison” or “twaddle.”

“The ‘Moral’ at the end, is not very symphonious; but in the usual twaddling style, affecting to be humorous—‘married pilgrims don’t stay away so long,’ and ‘when you *are* coming home, just write and say so;’ learned Clerks ‘stick to your books’—‘don’t visit a house when the master’s from home’—‘shun drinking;’ and ‘gay ladies allow not your *patience* to fail.’ A fair average specimen of the beautiful concentrated essence of that ‘fine vein of morality’ which runs, or rather, gutters, through these legends.

“In the Legend of Palestine (second series), which is called ‘The Ingoldsby Penance,’ (?) the knight, who has gone to the holy wars, leaving his wife at Ingoldsby Hall, intercepts a letter, carried by a little page, from his wife to a paramour with whom she has ‘perhaps been a little too gay,’ as the holy father remarks—whereby we discover what meaning is attached to those words. Sir Ingoldsby gives the little page a kick, which sends him somewhere, and the child is apparently killed on the spot. The paramour turns out to be the revered Prior of Abingdon! Sir Ingoldsby forthwith cuts off the reverend man’s head. His account of the style in which he murdered his wife, the Lady Alice, must be told in his own words:—

“‘And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!

Dame Alice I found—

She sank on the ground—

I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!

With jibe, and jeer, and mock, and scoff,

I twisted it on—till I twisted it off!’

“Serious or comic? Surely this cannot be meant as a laughable thing, but as a dreadful actual revenge? At any rate, however, it is laughed at, and the very next couplet institutes a paraphrastic comparison with Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall! ‘All the king’s doctors, and all the king’s men,’ sings the primitive Muse—who is sometimes ‘rather too gay’—‘can’t put fair Alice’s head on *agen*!’ It must by this time have become perfectly apparent that the only possible attempt at justification of such writings must be on the score of some assumed merit in the unexampled mixture of the ludicrous and the revolting—the ‘exquisite turns’—‘the playfulness’ of these bloody fingers.”

It is gratifying to know that the Ingoldsby legends possess “very great talent of its kind;” but it is dreary to reflect that—

“Their merit is certainly not *wit*, in its usual acceptation; and their humour can scarcely be regarded as legitimate, being continually founded upon trifling with sacred, serious, hideous, or otherwise forbidden subjects, beyond the natural region of the comic muse, and often beyond nature herself.”

Moreover, we have all been innocently imposed upon by the “moral” at the end of the legend—

“As for the distiches and stanzas at the end of most of the legends under the old-fashioned head ‘moral,’ they are all written upon the same principle of arrant twaddling advice, the self-evident pointlessness of which is intended to look like humour, and are humiliating to common sense.”

“The quantity of common-place slang in these legends is a remarkable feature. Very much of it is of a kind that was in vogue in the time of our fathers and



grandfathers, such as 'Hookey Walker—apple-pie order—a brace of shakes—cock-sure—meat for his master—raising the wind—smelling a rat—up to snuff—going snacks—little Jack Horner,' &c.; and there is no want of the slang of present days, such as—'done brown—a shocking bad hat—like bricks—coming it strong—heavy wet—a regular guy—right as a trivet—a regular turn up—tipping a facer—cobbing and fibbing—tapping the claret—a prime set-to!' &c. These choice morsels are all introduced between inverted commas, to mark them as quotations; as if this rendered them a jot the more fit to illustrate murderous tales; or as if their dull vulgarity was excusable because it was not original. To use slang with impunity requires great tact, and good taste and invention, and the finest humour;—inverted commas do nothing.

"Many of the tales end with some very fusty old sayings, presented to the eye all in capital letters:—'Don't hallo before you're quite out of the wood; never borrow a horse you don't know of a friend; look at the clock; who sups with the devil should have a long spoon,' &c., each of which is intended as a rare piece of humour to wind up with. The stanzas also display in capital letters such excellent new wit as—'Keep your handkerchief safe in your pocket; little pitchers have long ears; beware of the Rhine, and take care of the rhino; I wish you may get it; you can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

Fairy tales, it is admitted, are exquisitely "pure and innocent," that is, when they are very grand and very tragic matters; but there is no innocence or purity in fairy tales when they happen to be—

"Written upon the principle of one of those Olympic doggerel burlesques, the desecration of poetry in sense as in feeling. Their tendency is to encourage the public not to believe in true poetry or innocence *on the stage*, but to be always ready to laugh or think ill things."

If these passages, among many similar ones, afford the same description of the legends as black affords of white, they do not so utterly fail of illustrating some qualities of this "New Spirit of the Age." Alack for Tom Ingoldsby, to be so "disgraced by an inkhorne mate!" Poor Tom, *thy* Horne is, indeed, dry!

The passage we have given touching the Great Unacted, is from a paper on Knowles and Macready; persons who are therein acknowledged to possess some merits, although it is made but too plain that in one shape or the other they have been sadly in the way of the unacted dramatists—the most unpardonable of all offences theatrical or literary. As an actor, Mr. Macready is, to be sure, treated very handsomely at first; it is generously admitted, that "his merits are far greater than his defects"—only it happens that this praise, conformably to the principle on which the whole paper and several others are written, is blotted out by what immediately follows:—"He has no revelations of genius, no inspirations except those which are unconsciously 'given off' at times from great *physical* energies. *If he had,*" proceeds the amiable critic, in a spirit of liberality equal to his discernment—"if he had any such revelations, *he would* adopt them doubtfully and partially, and so *defeat their essential meaning.*" This is profound criticism, and displays an exalted sense of justice. First make a bold and positive assertion, denying to the object of your dislike the possession of any ennobling quality you choose, and then make another assertion, as bold and positive as the first,—that he would totally destroy its virtue and render it valueless, if he had it.

The article is a streaky one—eulogy and depreciation succeed each other in regular layers. There is scarcely one small blossom of appro-

bation that is not instantly trodden under the wilful heel of censure. The spirit of a jealous and injurious misrepresentation is ever alive to extinguish, as soon as it awakens, the little spark of candour and fairness. It would be sickening to cite examples—a dozen words suffice; thus—"He reads poetry very badly"—"and yet he speaks with exquisite distinctness and very impressively." Every page contains its specimens of this ingenuity, which only fails at times when the sense of wrong, unspeakable and inexpressible, done to the Unacted, rises to fever-heat; and then insulting disparagement has its full swing.

With reference to the past in management, the vice of the Macready-system is disclosed in a second;—there was at least one tragedy in manuscript which he did not produce either at Covent Garden or Drury Lane! But with reference to the future, he may proceed, if he should see fit, to give us revivals of Shakspeare in one of the smaller theatres—only it must be observed particularly—"He should carefully avoid *all* new pieces, and all *pretence* of encouraging living dramatists; first, because, instructed by long experience, he must have found it is his destiny to select mediocrity or failure; and secondly, because he will thus cease to excite the efforts and occupy the time of men of intellect to no purpose."

There is nothing half so grand as this, though raised on stilted verse, to be found in the whole range of the unacted drama. The spirit of all the Rejected speaks in it at once with a vast capacity to settle the entire question. It is the sublime of pertness.\*

Mr. Macready is coolly alleged to have "wasted more of the time of men of genius and talent than any individual on record." The case, then, stands thus:—He devotes his own time night and day, he destroys his health, he impairs his fortune, he employs his knowledge, talents, and experience, in promoting dramatic interests—pale and panting crowds of the Unacted flock to him, instantaneously, flourishing intolerable tragedies in their hands—and when, having produced several, he declines to be ruined further, he is reminded (herein) with respect to one of them, that he only lost five hundred pounds by it, and that he has "wasted the time of men of genius and talent!" What these unacted dramatists know of human nature, they best can say who have attempted to read their works; but of the said human nature, it must be admitted, they are in themselves most eccentric and astounding specimens. They ought to be brought out instead of their plays.

The article on Bulwer and his writings will hardly prove less distasteful to all persons of right feeling, and a proper regard for the decencies of literary portraiture and criticism. The "opinions" are not worth a moment's cavil. The crotcheteer may think the "Last of the Barons" "intolerably tedious and heavy," and be of opinion also that "Rienzi" is the "*least* marked by genius of any of its author's later works of fiction." These random eccentricities are as good as

\* On the words "mediocrity or failure," we may just pause to remark, that the dramatic writings of Knowles, Talfourd and Bulwer, were produced on the stage by Mr. Macready, with, during his late management, several other works which were neither failures nor mediocre;—amongst them that fine play of Griffin's, *Gisippus*, which is here most discreditably alluded to as the "much-puffed *Gisippus*," an "equivocal" tragedy. Ah! but then it was *acted*.



the rest, and the man is free to cherish them until every unacted tragedy shall have been produced and damned. But what are a little more offensive are the "supposes" of the critic as to his author's personal likings and preferences, the substitution of some dandifications of his own for the reality he professes to scrutinise, and the self-sufficiency with which he gropes about in the dark, deciding upon the right and the wrong of all things.

The preface speaks of the exclusion of all "disagreeable personalities and unwarrantable anecdotes." The assertion as to the first is very equivocally borne out; and as for the second—though to be sure the volumes are as bare of biography and as scant of anecdote as they can well be—there is an example of the unwarrantable in the allusion to a tragedy of "Cromwell," (by Bulwer,) "said to have been rewritten," "totally changed" while going through the press, and finally, when printed, suppressed. "*The public was not worthy of it*"—we heard this intimated." We heard; yes, but why did we repeat, in spite of a pledge to the contrary? The assumed saying is either an invented or an eagerly adopted sneer. Again:—

"If the saying attributed to Sir Lytton Bulwer concerning his editorship is true, it belongs to that 'dandaical' portion of him, which disagreeably interferes with one's confidence in his sincerity; for if he said he became an Editor 'to shew that a gentleman might occupy such a position,' it must simply be set down to the same Beau-Brummel idiosyncrasy which makes him seriously careful of the cut of his coat, and the fashion of his waistcoat."

If the saying be true!—why it has falsehood on the face of it! What an undignified and pitiful evasion of the asserted principle is this—to introduce unwarrantable personalities and anecdotes upon *ifs*!

Enough of the Unacted, who are also the Unactable, as well as the Unread and the Unreadable. Men who are so little acquainted with themselves and their performances are not likely to be deeply skilled in a true knowledge of the works and characters of others—especially of those among their contemporaries who happen to be successful.

And enough too, or more than enough, of the New Spirit of the Age. Some say that the spirit of the age is quackery; only grant that, and then the projectors of this design become its fair and legitimate representatives.

We fancied that it had been reserved for Mr. Grant alone to picture all Paris and its People from the observations of a fortnight. He is more than rivalled—he is beaten upon his own ground. But, active and inventive as he is, it is surprising that he should have missed such a subject as his rival, Mr. Horne, has seized upon. Grant would have treated it more satisfactorily, becauseless grandly—more generally, more equally, and more amusingly. We should have had about as much of the real philosophy, and rather less of the false. There would have been a smaller quantity of himself, and a larger proportion of his sitters, in the historical group. He portrayed the Parliament-men, with an equal knowledge of them, and greater impartiality. At least, he would have described externals, boots, hats, and buttons, without prejudice or favour. On the whole, we prefer Grant to Horne.

## THE SUPPRESSED COMEDY.\*

WHOSOEVER in these days bestows even a passing thought upon theatrical occurrences, must have noticed the extraordinary fortune that befel this Comedy at the beginning of last year. It was performed at Covent Garden with decided success; it was announced for repetition amidst great applause, extending to a call for the appearance of its author; its triumph was, in a particular fashion, recorded in the ensuing playbills; it was therein advertised to be performed three nights a week; other pieces, not new, but worn out, were substituted for it; and it was never acted a second time.

Mr. Bell, in his explanation, reminds us of several theatrical anomalies; how the "Rivals" was hissed off the stage, how the "Iron Chest" failed, and how other works, now quite lively and enjoying a green old age, came to a tragical end in the hour of their birth. Here, the dramatists drew blanks which afterwards turned out to be prizes; but the author of this comedy drew a prize which speedily proved to be a blank. Now this never before happened; it is truly said that the fate of "Mothers and Daughters" is unique.

As now published, we have a comedy and a farce too, the drama and the preface—if indignation at injustice, and sympathy for an accomplished writer, may be allowed for a single moment to be set aside as in a parenthesis. The manner in which, from first to last, Mr. Bell's work was treated, either by manager or by actor, forms a picture at once pathetic and absurd; he writes about it in a far better temper than thinking men less immediately interested in the disclosure, can maintain while reading his statement. His conduct is as honourable to him as his comedy.

Theatrical absurdity is at its height in this affair. The manager of the Haymarket frankly accepted the play, but the principal comedian there, for whom author and manager thought the leading character peculiarly adapted, "could not see himself in it," and declined representing it. The manager of Covent Garden was equally cordial in accepting the comedy, but felt it to be almost essential to have for the representative of the chief character that very Haymarket actor who had refused to undertake it. These cross-purposes were curious enough, but there was a whimsical addition to them, when the tragedian of one theatre was installed as substitute for the comedian of another—Mr. Vandenhoff, in short, performing the part of Mr. Farren. Yet the comedy was produced; was applauded, "and that highly;" was announced for repetition as aforesaid, and acted not again—without reason assigned, which would have been difficult, and without recompence given, which was impossible.

This is a dull story, but Mr. Bell's longer one is infinitely lively, and may class, different and superior in spirit as it is, with Colman's preface to his "Iron Chest." The end is, that after a twelvemonth, the manager who destroyed the comedy as an actable production by performing it for a single night, yields a little on the pecuniary point, and pays, not for the sacrifice of the dramatist's labour, but for the publication of the instructive and unmatchable "moral" that crowns the catastrophe.

No author but a dramatic author could have been so injured. Let it be some slight consolation to Mr. Bell, that he has done more than even the authorship of an elegant and carefully-studied comedy, implies; he has vindicated, as far as he possibly could, the interests of dramatic literature, deeply involved in the proceedings which were so fatal to his own; and he has completely demolished, by good-humoured satire, and, what is more essential, sound argument and simple statements, every frivolous excuse that tortured ingenuity could set up in defence of the system by which he suffered. The comedy has been read with delight, and it will be long before the preface that now introduces it loses its relish.

\* Mothers and Daughters, a Comedy, in Five Acts. By Robert Bell. Second Edition, with an Explanatory Preface.



## HENRY WELBY, THE HERMIT OF CRIPPLEGATE.\*

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever."

MILTON.

ON a glowing day, about two centuries and a half ago, a great bustle and merry-making roused the little village of Boscumbe, in Wiltshire, from its usual pastoral quiet. This festivity was caused by the marriage of Mistress Anne Welby, only daughter and heiress of the lord of the manor, to Sir Christopher Hilliard, a gentleman of large possessions in Yorkshire. Never was a more auspicious wedding; nor one which, in all its circumstances, could be more flattering to the bride and bridegroom. Village-inhabitants, old and young, lads and lasses, were abroad in all their country bravery, busy in paying homage, after their fashion, to the young couple; gentry living miles round assembled at Welby Hall to do honour to the occasion; the road through which our wedding-pageant passed to church was for the most part o'er-canopied by elm-boughs; and the church itself was a quaint, picturesque, and ancient edifice, of which the pavement was decorated in several places with brass effigies and armorial bearings of certain ancestors of the Welbys, inlaid on the stones. Last, though not least, the marriage was to be solemnized by the illustrious Richard Hooker, at that time rector of this parish, to which living he had been presented by Mistress Anne's father, Henry Welby, Esquire, of Vale Priory, in Lincolnshire, and of Boscumbe, in Wiltshire.

It has been held by many that the form of marriage, as prescribed in our ritual, is much weakened by certain clippings and omissions, tolerated in the present day. We do not know whether in the sixteenth century such abbreviations were permitted, or not, in the celebration of this solemn contract; but be this as it may, it is quite certain that Richard Hooker was too stanch a ritualist to epitomize a sacred order of the church. He, who at this time was composing his great work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," would never dream of abridging ecclesiastical forms, nor would Mr. Welby have acquiesced in so irreverend an indecorum, even had the minister been inclined to perpetrate it. The ceremony was, therefore, performed in all its impressive details before a congregation which filled every part of the humble fane; and when the "Blessing" on the newly-married pair had been pronounced, a choir of skilful singing-men chanted in learned counterpoint the "*Beati omnes*." Then followed other observances which, being completed, the young couple devoutly received the communion. A pealing voluntary was now heard from the organ,

\* The ground-work of this story is derived from a note by Dr. Calder, in an edition of the "Tatler," published in 1789. This note, containing a brief account of "the noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esquire," is inserted in Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Hundred Romances of Real Life"—a very admirable collection of true stories, sagely annotated. With few exceptions, the present writer is accountable for the narrative now before the reader.

and as the sounds died away, Mr. Hooker ascended the pulpit, and preached a marriage-sermon with much of the rich eloquence, apostolical fervour, fertility of allusion, and erudite illustration which distinguish his immortal "Ecclesiastical Polity."

Before the sermon had concluded, one of the lower windows nearest the pulpit was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man who looked earnestly and sternly at the preacher. "Master Basil!" was whispered from one to another, when the eyes of the congregation were simultaneously turned on him. Disconcerted by so universal a scrutiny, he gradually drew back from his post, and disappeared. Though Mr. Hooker, in common with others, had seen the intruder, and knew that his glances were directed especially at him, he paused not in his discourse, nor abated one atom of his fervid emphasis.

When all was over at the church, the wedding-party returned in state to Welby Hall, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. The bride and bridegroom, however, remained not long with their father's guests; and having received Mr. Welby's tearful benediction, departed for London, where they intended to remain a few days preparatory to the removal of Lady Hilliard to her husband's seat in Yorkshire, where in a short time she was welcomed as mistress by Sir Christopher's relations and tenants.

No joy, however, is unmixed with its contrary in this world of ours. Mistress Anne, it is true, was united to the man of her election, who deserved the treasure he had won; still, she grieved at leaving, in comparative loneliness, her father, whom she dearly loved, and at residing in so distant a county; and Mr. Welby, though cordially approving Hilliard for his son-in-law, felt the separation even in a greater degree than his daughter. It was a melancholy contradiction to his habits; his table would be desolate; the loss of Anne would make an irreparable void in his house. How should he endure the sight of her vacant chair—how beguile the time till he again should see her? In fact, a wedding, even when, as in the present case, congenial hearts are linked together, is not in reality, and ought not to be, a merry affair. Trick it out as you may in external gauds and triumphs, the exultation will generally be dashed with a lurking sadness. The sacrifice of parental home, of old associations, of the caresses which, from infancy, were daily renewed—these form, during many weeks, a canker in the very core of happiness.

But time mitigates every kind of suffering. The father and daughter, though separated, were not without the comfortable intercourse of frequent letters; and as Lady Hilliard had every reason to be happy in her new home, and in the devoted fondness of her husband, Mr. Welby became, in a manner, reconciled to the loss of his only child's society, and derived pleasure from considering how adequately she was settled in life, and how fortunate in a partner who would protect her both now and when her father should have descended to the grave.

One only source of disquietude remained to Welby, and this originated in his brother—a dissolute, violent, and unprincipled man, who, hoping to secure for his own emolument, certain church-preferments in the gift of his family, had taken orders, but more than once had been in danger of losing his gown in consequence of his quarrelsome disposition and intemperate habits. On the death of the last incum-



bent of Boscumbe, Mr. Welby found it impossible, without incurring great scandal, to confer the living on his brother. To the learned, pious, and eloquent Hooker, it was accordingly offered, and by him it was accepted.

One day, when Mr. Welby was walking in his park, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter melancholy," (for he was a man of sensitive temperament, and much given to lonely musing,) he saw his brother striding with hurried paces towards him. Knowing, from painful experience, that he was thus sought, only to be entangled in an altercation, he turned towards the house, determining, if possible, to seclude himself, and to decline any interview with the unworthy churchman. The latter, however, soon overtook him.

"Henry," ejaculated he, "I do not wonder that you wish to avoid me; but I will not allow you to do so. I have suffered many grievances at your hands. I have much to say, and you *shall* hear me. Brother, you have done me great wrong."

"You have done yourself great wrong, Basil," returned Mr. Welby, quietly.

"Have you nothing else to say? Can you invent no newer rhetoric?" retorted Basil. "I have heard this whining fustian so often, that I sicken at its repetition. Sir, I directly charge you with cheating me of my birthright. This is a plain, straightforward accusation, and must be answered plainly. Under the cloak of a legal device, you have committed a real injury, and deprived me of that to which by the laws of nature and common sense, I am as fully entitled as yourself."

"Be explicit, Basil."

"I will. Presuming unworthily—treacherously, on the foolish right of eldership, you have proved yourself a dishonest steward of property, to which my claim is equal to your own. Am I not the son of my father?"

"Oh, Basil," sorrowfully ejaculated Welby; "fortunate for him is it that our father lived not to hear of your riotous courses, and to know of the disgrace you have brought on his name, and on your own calling."

"Disgrace!" echoed Basil, furiously. "Take more heed, elder brother, of your words, or, by this light, my hand shall thrust them down your throat!"

"I am no stranger to your violence," returned Welby; "but it shall not daunt me, nor turn me from the path of duty."

"The path of duty, sir, should tend towards your kindred," said Basil. "Have you not basely strayed from it in giving to Master Hooker that which was part of my father's privilege and property?"

"It is mine now by the same right through which it descended to our father," answered Welby. "I have never denied you money, Basil; never stood upon accounts, or reckonings, or over-payments. You almost held the strings of my purse, and I have tried to be content. But the cure of souls is a weightier matter; and the parish have a sacred right to demand from me a fitting and a pious minister."

"Well, sir?"

"Ask yourself, Basil, if my duty would have been discharged had I given to you the rectory of Boscumbe. Would the congregation have relied on your spiritual teaching? Would your mediation

have had any weight with men at variance? Would a trembling conscience have sought ghostly counsel from you? Would any one 'in the time of tribulation, and in the hour of death,' have sent for Master Basil Welby to point the way to Heaven? Oh, brother, ponder on your past life; think of your graceless bearing, your divers excesses, your tavern brawls, (unmeet in any one, but fearfully so in a minister of God's church;) reflect, moreover, on the manner in which all men are forced to estimate you! Then supplicate for grace, and let me love you, dear Basil."

"These are mere words, Henry—idle words. What have they to do with your daring appropriation of my patrimonial right? How do they warrant you in bestowing on a low-born mongrel—a beggar who was fain to accept doles, paltry alms, pitiful groats from Bishop Jewel—a man to whom his lordship could not lend even a walking-staff without a strong and iterated injunction that he would not *forget* to return it;—how, I ask, do your puling phrases justify your overlooking me, your brother—a born gentleman, in favour of such an upstart cozeners?"

"Fie, Basil—fie! Verily, you know not the man of whom you speak. Master Hooker is no cozeners, but a holy priest whose life and actions are no doubt pleasing in the sight of his Creator. The world will reverence his memory for centuries to come. But you know, Basil, I have another living in my gift—that of ——— in Lincolnshire, of which the present incumbent is very old and infirm. Mend your life—draw down oblivion upon your past errors, and this living shall be yours in due time. How my heart will be comforted when I shall be able to bestow it on you!"

"I care not for the living you speak of, and I will not have it," returned Basil. "'Sdeath, sir, you shall not banish me to fenny Lincoln! I like not its marish agues. No; Boscumbe is the parish wherein I was born; it is the parish which holds my father's house, and the best of his lands; in it I was christened, and in its church my ancestors have assembled for generations. By being excluded from its pulpit, I am indelibly disgraced! You have stamped upon my brow a burning shame, for the sake of a Devonshire clown—an arrant adventurer."

"All men know you are skilful in railing," rejoined Welby. "Had you ever heard or read any of Master Hooker's discourses, even *you* would speak with respect of a man who, if I err not widely, is destined to be a pillar of our English church. He is so learned a divine, so abounding in grace, so zealous and effectual in his high calling, so gifted with saintly faculty, that it is impossible he should long remain hidden in our sequestered rectory of Boscumbe. Therefore, dear Basil, reform, and Boscumbe shall yet be yours."

"I place no faith in your promises, Henry."

"How!" exclaimed Welby. "Have I ever deceived your expectations?"

"Yes, in alienating Boscumbe from your own blood. But come, I'll test your sincerity. Will you solemnly swear, here, before we part, that as soon soever as Master Hooker shall vacate the living, you will induct me into it? Do this, and much as I have been wronged, there shall be peace between us."

"I will *not* do it, Basil, save upon conditions."

"Then," vociferated Basil, foaming with rage, "you are a villain—a base colluder with a hypocritical priest. May the burning lake of



hell surge eternally over your heads! One of you shall soon be there," continued he, suddenly presenting a pistol at his brother's head, and pulling the trigger.

The weapon missed fire; but Welby heard the click and saw the flash. Rushing on his brother with a view to disarm him, a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated by Basil being thrown to the ground with such violence as to be stunned; when taking the pistol from his grasp, Welby walked to his house, thoughtfully and with sorrow.

Having shut himself up in his library, and locked the door, he sat down to meditate on the strange event which had just occurred. That his life should have been attempted within sight of his own home, in mid-day, and by the hand of his brother, was almost too monstrous for belief. It was like "a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

"He could not have meant to destroy me," soliloquized Welby. "No, no! rash and violent as he is, he never intended *that*. His design, no doubt, was to terrify me into compliance with his demand. The pistol merely flashed in the pan. Surely, surely it was not loaded. Still, the very pretence to do such a deed was outrageous and iniquitous. How can he look me in the face again? I must nevertheless do what I can to reclaim him. No, no; I will never believe that Basil intended to slay his brother."

The pistol was on the table before him. Welby looked at it. "There," said he to himself, "is an evidence capable of strengthening my belief that no worse harm than frightening me was meditated. I might examine it, and so prove Basil's innocence of murder, even in thought."

Welby took up the weapon, and held it awhile irresolutely; then, with a shudder, laid it down again, exclaiming, "God help me! I have not courage to dare the test. What if I should discover a damning proof of guilt? Better be in ignorance than wither under so terrible a conviction!"

Groaning under the very surmise of such a possibility, Welby paced up and down his room, sorely troubled in spirit. At length, becoming more calm, he ejaculated, "Poor misguided Basil! I do thee grievous injustice in suffering thee to labour even for one instant under such a fearful suspicion when the means to certify thy guilt or innocence are in my power. It is my duty to examine this pistol, and I *will* do it."

With a hurried and trembling hand, he clutched the weapon, drew the contents from its barrel, and finding two bullets, sank into his chair and swooned away.

It was sometime before he recovered his consciousness. But what an utter, what a dreadful, change had been wrought during that interval. A total revolution had taken place in his mind. By this one blow, the world and all in it was suddenly darkened to poor Welby—a wide blank was before him. Though not destroyed, his reasoning powers were stunned; and he desperately resolved to avoid for ever any intercourse with mankind. "He was shocked," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "by the strangeness as well as inhumanity of his brother's attempt; it gave him a horror of the very faces of his fellow creatures; perhaps, also, something of a personal fear of them, and very likely a hypochondriacal dread even of himself, and of the blood of which his veins partook."

Without apprising any one of his intention—without seeing the good and great Hooker, whom, under any less overwhelming calamity than the present, he would doubtless have consulted—without even leaving a letter for his well-beloved daughter—he ordered a horse to be saddled and brought to him, and having turned his back for ever on his ancestral mansion, and on the haunts of his youth and manhood, arrived, after two days' journeying, in London. This was in the year 1592. He now authorized an agent to dispose of all his property in Wiltshire and Lincolnshire, and then, according to the old pamphlet, published in 1637, "took a fair house in the lower end of Grub-street, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid-servant, he retired into his lodging-room; and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear."

That a man should leave the country, and repair to London for solitude, may, at first sight, appear unreasonable; but Welby desired to destroy all former associations of his life. He thought, moreover, that in such an intricate wilderness of houses his brother would be unable to trace him; and that while he could render his seclusion as inviolable as he chose, the neighbourhood of other men would make it safe.

It could not be otherwise than that so strange and obstinate a determination should be much talked about, and that it should soon travel to his daughter's ears, who immediately, on learning what had happened, left her house in Yorkshire, and, accompanied by her husband, repaired to London, sought out her father's residence, and desired the old maid-servant to tell her master that his daughter was come to see him. But, alas! Welby had taken an oath that he would never again behold a human being, save the serving-woman he had hired to tend him; and after many ineffectual attempts, the poor lady was constrained to return without the blessing of an interview with her woe-stricken father. No circumstance, of what kind soever, had strength enough to shake, or even to modify the strange resolve he had formed. From middle age, when he first plunged into his solemn seclusion, till he died, at a very advanced time of life, (a space of forty-four years,) he was never seen by any of his fellow-creatures; though divers attempts were made during that period by his son-in-law, his daughter, and his grandchildren.

Though *in* the world, Welby was not *of* the world. In one small, narrow room, which, as it looked towards an open space formed by Moorfields, and the pasture-land of Finsbury, was hushed and silent, he spent forty-four summers and winters, "debarring himself from the fresh and comfortable air," and staining his windows, to veil from his eyes the cheerful scene without. Yet was the day not tedious, nor the night unvisited by sweet and lofty thoughts. The walls of his room were clothed with books; and in his intercourse with those silent chroniclers of men's minds, he found indemnity for his self-imposed exclusion from their living companionship. He gave directions that every new book, immediately on its publication, should be brought to him; but such as had a controversial turn, he laid aside and never read: even Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" he did not look into,



probably fearing it might be polemical. The books which he rejected were found from time to time by his servant on the table in his dining-room with a written instruction to send them away. It must have pained his gentle spirit to discard the great work of Richard Hooker, his sometime pastor and dear friend; but he yearned for peace of mind, and consolation, and hermit-like tranquillity, dreading debate even as an adder's sting. In the books which most engaged his mind, he was in the habit of making marginal observations, as appeared on inspecting his library after his death, when it must have been delightful to ascertain the vast amount of pleasure he had derived from the imagination, nature, affluent thoughts, knowledge of the human heart, and profound, but bland, philosophy in the plays of Shakspeare, which he eagerly read, as they successively appeared in quarto. His servant frequently found on the dining-room table a slip of paper, with these words: "Inquire whether anything new be extant of Master Shakspeare? If there be, send to the stationer for it with all speed." Some of these plays had more or less affinity to Welby's own situation, as referring either to outrages of brother upon brother, or to more general family feuds, or to the ingratitude of men, or to their vile selfishness which hesitates not at the perpetration of any wrong, however mean or treacherous, so that its own ends may be compassed. It might seem that works thus cognate with Welby's circumstances would have been shunned by him as opening anew his wounds; and so they would, had not our poet's healing wisdom—the demonstration of "a soul of goodness in things evil"—been everywhere apparent in them. In the above category, are "*As You Like It*," wherein are two Cains, (Cains at least in intention,) *Frederick* and *Oliver*, and two gentle *Welbys*, the *Senior Duke*, and *Orlando*; "*The Tempest*," with *Prospero* driven in "a rotten carcass of a boat" to the mercy of the winds and waves by his brother *Antonio*, and though thrown upon a desert island, finding his comfort in priceless books; "*Hamlet*," wherein the ghost of the royal Dane relates, in words sounding of the sepulchre, that he was murdered by his brother; "*Lear*," mad with the monstrous cruelty of his children, (besides the terrible underplot of *Edmund*, foully practising against his brother *Edgar's* life;) and "*Timon*," hunted, by the ingratitude of his fellows, from the haunts of men, and howling his resentment to the wild woods. Welby must have been especially interested in the "*As You Like It*," for the top, bottom, and sides of nearly every page of the serious portions of that drama, whose irresistible strength is in its tenderness, were covered with expressions of loving admiration. A note on the six lines (Act 2, scene i.), beginning—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

was very touching. "Were it not," wrote he, "for my forepassed oath, methinks I should much rejoice to look into the face of that man who can write thus, and who has done so great service to poor human nature in other his all-solacing conceits. But alas, alas, I may not!" "*The Tempest*," too, seemed to have absorbed the recluse's attention deeply; but "*Timon of Athens*" had evidently not much attracted him: perhaps its wrangling scenes, and general tone of acerbity had repelled his meek spirit. "*Lear*" had been carefully perused, as was obvious from the reader's many written observations. It would seem,

however, from a note at the end, that his pleasure in it was not unqualified. The note ran thus: "Lear doth not win my sympathy so much as the banished duke in 'As You Like It.' Lear's agony dateth from his own foregone wilfulness. According to mine own conceit, it is borne with too much impatience, and giveth birth to too many blazing gusts of passion and proud defiance. He looketh to repair his wrongs by wrath and impotent resentment; and the fury of his imprecations shocks me. Peradventure, Master Shakspeare is right for all this." Welby's misgivings of his own criticism were evidenced (so it was said at the time) by marks of his tears on the pages of this great tragedy.

His servant, Elizabeth, saw her master but seldom (and then only in cases of extraordinary necessity) during his seclusion of four-and-forty years. She stated that, except for the mildness of his eyes, his appearance was wild and starting. The white tresses of his head fell down his shoulders, and partly over his face, shadowing his thin, pale, and prophet-like visage; and his breast was covered by his beard. He moved under a veil of hair. It is probably from this description, that Shakerley Marmion, in alluding to Welby, says—

"Yet saw we one of late, that when he stood,  
He look'd as he were born before the flood."

"His habit was plain and without ornament; of a sad-coloured cloth, only to defend him from the cold." In diet, he was remarkably temperate, subsisting chiefly on oatmeal gruel; and now and then, in summer, he would indulge in a salad of cool herbs. He never tasted wine, or strong water, but contented himself with weak beer. "Nevertheless," says the old pamphlet, "he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. In Christmas-holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty; when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon those days, *without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever.*" How beautiful—how affecting—is this! Benignity the most liberal, and self-privation the most severe, acting together—fulfilling their separate purposes hand-in-hand! Then the formal preparation for the no-meal, and the grateful thanks to God before and after meat—*for others!* Kind, good, and pious Welby! Long suffering should not have been the destiny of thy meek heart.

His pecuniary charities were numerous and judicious. He would occasionally inquire, "what neighbours were industrious in their callings? and who had great charge of children? and withal, if their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families? to such, he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities."



But no benefits of this kind can be conferred without subjecting the giver to importunities from persons who may not be deserving; and Welby knew that to this penalty his good deeds must submit, though he did not, at first, reckon that applications would be made by sturdy mendicants to see him personally. Whatever might have been given to many of them, had a different mode of solicitation been adopted, was certain to be withheld when sought in this way. In the last year of Welby's life—namely, 1636—his house was much pestered by the repeated visits of an old woman, who, though admittance was constantly denied to her, came again and again with a plea that she knew Master Welby would see her if he could anticipate what she came about. It was to no purpose that Elizabeth told the woman her master would not grant audience to any human being under any circumstances whatever; in vain: one day's repulse was sure to be followed by renewed application. At length, she brought a man with her—a wretched-looking, squalid, and aged man, who, saying little, pushed his way into the room, next Welby's study. Having arrived there, followed by Elizabeth, who loudly protested against the outrage, he said in a faint voice to the latter—

“Tell your master that an old man, broken down by fate—one who has not long to live, is here to crave—humbly to crave a brief interview. I am ruined, grievously worn by sickness, sin-laden, bruised by the blows of a revenging conscience, but penitent. Tell him this. *Thou, O God!*” continued he, lifting his dim eyes heavenward, “wilt not despise a broken and a contrite heart. Vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, some portion of thy pardoning spirit to my brother. He is here, I know. I have trodden many a weary pilgrimage to find him. My brother—O, my brother!”

The unusual bustle so near at hand, drew Welby from his books. He arose, took his station at the interposing door, and listened. The word “brother” smote on his ear; and there was silence for a time. What passed in the mind of the recluse during that trying interval—what struggles with the remembrance of his oath—what heart-throes at thinking he was so close to the author of all his long agony—to the man from whom he had hidden himself in horror nearly half a century—the brother who had blighted his life, and cast him into a living grave, cannot now be known. Elizabeth was sorely perplexed, not knowing how to act in so unlooked-for an extremity.

In a little while, however, the study-door was slowly opened, and, for the first time during four and forty years, Welby stood in view before two of his fellow-creatures. Gaunt, white, shivering, and amazed, he seemed like Lazarus coming forth from his tomb. His lips moved as if in the act of speaking; but sound there was none, though his beard shook with the convulsive movement of his chin. And so he remained, as one in a trance, over-against his strange visitor, who, after gazing at the apparition before him, looked with an inquiring and bewildered expression at Elizabeth, as if saying, “Surely *this* cannot be he!” But the stranger spake not at the moment. Neither he nor Welby knew each other; but stood mutely opposed like silent shapes in a dream.

At length, Welby's tongue found utterance. “Some one,” he gasped, “uttered the name of brother. Didst thou?” he added, addressing the intruder. “What art thou?—Support me with thy arm, Eliza-

beth. I cannot feel my feet on the floor, and I may fall.—Now speak, friend—what meant that word, ‘brother?’”

The voice was instantly recognised, though Welby himself was so piteously transformed, stooping, moreover, under the weight of eighty-four years.

“I am Basil—Basil Welby,” the intruder ejaculated. “O Henry, wilt thou not forgive me? I faint—I die! Forgiveness, O forgiveness!”

The shock was too great for our melancholy recluse. The torturing image which had dwelt in his thoughts for four and forty years, was once more invested with flesh and blood. But how different did his miserable brother now look! The meeting was too much for Welby, especially at his great age, and he sank on the floor.

Elizabeth stooped over him, threw the long grey hairs aside from his face, and bathed his temples with cold water. Alas, her care was of no avail! Welby’s hour had come.

“Lift me up a little,” he murmured, “that I may behold him once again. Look at me, Basil. Thou seest before thee little else than the shade of Henry Welby. Lo, I am dying! Stoop thy head, brother, to my hand. It shall not lie heavily on thee. There!—all has passed away. The dismal thing is gone. May Heaven bless thee! Examine my papers. O Basil, Basil!”

These few words were followed by a long-drawn sigh, when Welby’s head sank on his breast; he was too weak to fight with death; and after one or two faint struggles the stricken recluse was at peace for ever.

By a will found after his decease, his property was bequeathed to the son of his brother, provided any such person should be in existence; otherwise, it was to descend to the children of Lady Hilliard. Basil, it appeared, had married late in life; his only offspring, Henry, had long shared his father’s poverty, though not without laudable efforts to relieve it. Basil himself did not live long after his brother; and his son, well husbanding what he had inherited from his uncle, became in time, wealthy enough to purchase the ancestral acres of Boscumbe.

## MUSIC ON WINDERMERE.

BY MRS. PONSONBY, (LATE MISS SKELTON.)

HARP! whose wild and witching strain,  
Floating o’er the glassy lake,  
Rouseth in my heart again  
Memories I would not awake;  
Calling up the dreams of years,  
With all their unavailing tears.

Voice! with sweet and silvery tone,  
Singing that familiar song,  
Filling all the woodland lone,  
With the cadence shrill and long;  
Bidding every heart be glad,  
Chiding all that would be sad.

Wherefore do ye come? To fill  
All my thoughts with sudden strife;  
Passions, that have long been still,

Wildly starting into life;  
All the pleasures, all the woe,  
All the pains of long ago.

Hours of anguish—hours of joy—  
Hopes, believed in vain—  
Love, that time may not destroy,  
These are mine again;  
Many a dear and vanish’d face,  
Riseth in departed grace.

Harp! thy chords are hush’d at last—  
Mute the magic lay;  
But these phantoms of the past,  
Long by me must stay,  
Shining through the heavy gloom,  
With their bright unfading bloom.



## THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

(Second Series.)

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Mrs. Garrick—Elliston fights a duel—"Invisibline's" letter thereon—Anecdotes of young Macklin and Mrs. Charke—The new Drury Lane Theatre—"Rejected Addresses"—Lord Byron—Lord Holland (letters).

MRS. GARRICK (the widow of our British Roscius) had frequently honoured Mrs. Elliston by marks of attention, and expressed herself warmly interested in the welfare of her family. The friendship of Mrs. Garrick was not confined to these professions alone; for now, in her eighty-eighth year, she would occasionally drive to Stratford-place, personally to delight the young Ellistons by some agreeable surprise or well-timed present. It was at this period, a request was made to her on the part of Elliston, that she would become sponsor to one of his children, Lucy; to which the following letter was written in reply:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot withhold expressing to you my feelings on the receipt of your letter; and you must believe me when I say the contents have equally distressed and gratified me. My regard for Mrs. Elliston, yourself, and family, would at once have caused me sensations of pleasure in a proposal to bring us more nearly connected than we have been; but, my dear friend, the refusal which I am compelled to send you, for becoming godmother to your child, arises from a sense of duty, which I am sure you will respect, and freely release me from all charge of insincerity in my professions towards you.

"In the course of the happy days I passed with my revered, departed husband, comprehending, as you know, thirty years, the question of baptismal surety occasionally became a subject of his notice (for he had frequently been invited to an honour similar to this which I have received from you), and having strong feelings on the spirit and intent of this Christian institution, refused that as a distinction or gratification, which he felt he might not be able to fulfil as a moral and religious duty. This conviction he duly impressed on me; and it is, indeed, in compliance with his own request, I am now led to decline your proposal, from the knowledge that I am already placed beyond the possibility—even if God be pleased to spare my life a few years longer—of acquitting my conscience in the responsibilities I should bring upon it through my consent.

"Baptism is a holy sacrament of the church of Christ, which, in the engagements of all parties therein concerned, should be religiously remembered and observed; but I fear, with one half the world, the office of sponsor to a Christian infant is looked upon in no graver light than as a piece of fashion.

"Your children will not want the regards of a warm friend, so long as I may be spared; and I trust, my dear friend, in your proper anxiety to protect them according to this ordinance of the church, you will ever remember the moral well-being of children must depend

ERRATUM.—In the "Elliston Papers" of last Month, for "eruption" read "irruption."

materially on the example of parents, and that God will bless you with his grace to fulfil this to his express will.

"I am, yours faithfully,\*

*E. M. Garrick*

"Adelphi, March 21, 1812."

In September, Elliston was again distinguished by one of those collusive differences of opinion (by which "The Noble Art of Self-Defence" is so characteristically understood) with his old playmate, De Camp. That Elliston should take a box in his own theatre, was at least reasonable—that De Camp, his officer, should participate the same, by no means extraordinary; and that the Surrey should afford "a clear stage and no favour," was only that which a meritorious management should promote. But we fear our own colouring will stand no comparison with the more distinct lights and shadows of the real picture, and that the black eye of one comedian and purple nose of the other, will demand satisfaction in plainer terms. We beg therefore to insert a copy of a letter addressed to the *Morning Chronicle*, by Sam Russell, on the 15th of the same month.

"SIR,—I perceive by your paper of this morning, that some good-natured friend has furnished you with an allusion to a *fracas*, which took place at this theatre a week ago, between Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp, in such a form as grossly to misrepresent the circumstances. As I have been referred to, I think it right, in justice to myself, as well as to Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp, to say that it is true, dissension did occur in the theatre, on the evening of Tuesday the 8th, in which some hasty expressions were used on both sides, and which *for a single moment* did occasion a slight personal encounter. The effect of this was a meeting, the next morning, on Dulwich Common, where Mr. Elliston was accompanied by myself, and Mr. De Camp by one of his friends. Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp exchanged shots, when, on the interposition of Mr. De Camp's friend and myself, the parties were prevailed on to shake hands. And thus the matter ended.

"Your most obedient servant, SAM. F. RUSSELL."

On the above subject "Invisibline" admonishes our hero. Her spirit appears to have been greatly moved; and in wonted mystery enthroned, she thus pours out the vials of her wrath:—

"So! you've been fighting—admirable!—that short antiseptic which many a rakehell has adopted to sweeten his offensive reputation. Your credit shattered, you take the benefit of an act of violence, and are turned out again with a clean sheet. Alas! alas! in sober sadness (a sadness I fear you are but little acquainted with) I view you in your new

\* Eva Maria Garrick was born at Vienna, 1725; her maiden name was Viegel; "Violette" she assumed, whilst in the service of the Empress Maria Theresa. Violette, on her arrival in England, was highly patronised by the Countess of Burlington; as a dancer, she was in equal favour at the Opera-house. On Violette's marriage with David Garrick, the earl presented her with a portion of 6000*l.*; this fact gave rise to a suspicion that she was a natural daughter of the earl's—a belief not altogether abandoned to this day. Mrs. Garrick died in 1822, in her 98th year. She was placed in the same vault with her husband, in Westminster Abbey.



character — emulous of your illustrious predecessors, Quin, Ryan, and Walker—a duellist! The declaration of the Great Frederick has ever pleased me: ‘My subjects may fight if they like it, but unless one of the parties be killed, I’ll hang both.’ If such were our English law, we should have few of these mock heroics to salve rotten reputations. How easy is it to become a hero, and you have taken the shortest cut. How will admiring crowds flock now to Dulwich Common, to view the spot on which this *Paris* and *Menelaus* contended; then will they say—

“ ‘Can none remember that eventful day—  
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray—  
When *Vincent’s*\* leadless pistol met his eye,  
And *Surrey columbines* stood laughing by.’

“With what open arms the good people at Cheltenham must have received you after this exploit; and how sunny must be the face of a gentleman who has *just received satisfaction*! Pray let us have no more of these scenes—the town is already laughing at you, from May Fair to Redriff.

“Your wife will receive this day some brawn; and the little Christian a token of ‘Invisiblin’s’ regard. Let the opening of Drury Lane Theatre be your great chance to come.”

There is an anecdote recorded of a son of Macklin, who, when in India, fell into quarrel with a brother cadet, the result of which was a hostile meeting. When Macklin came on the ground, he appeared enveloped from top to toe in a large great-coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. On the parties taking their stand, Macklin, to the surprise of all, threw aside his extensive wrapper, and appeared in a perfect state of nudity, with the exception of a pair of yellow slippers. To the inquiries of his antagonist, he observed, “I am told that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen of a man’s dress being forced into the flesh by the ball, occasioning in that climate a speedy mortification—to avoid which I am determined to fight in the manner you see me.”

Now Mrs. Charke, the eccentric daughter of Colley Cibber, was guilty of an adventure still more outrageous, in which (not to alarm the reader) we will at once premise, that although she appeared without her own attire, she had very abundantly borrowed that of another person. Mrs. Clarke had long lived on unpleasant terms with her father, by whom she was treated with just severity for her total disregard of all social duties and common decorum. Being on one occasion greatly irritated by the dramatist’s refusal to honour her drafts, she equipped herself after the style of a gentleman of the road, and hiring a suitable charger, actually waylaid her father upon Epping Forest, by stopping his chariot, presenting her pistol, and desiring him to deliver. The affrighted comedian, to save his life, could do no less than part with his purse. “Young man—young man,” said the dramatist, “this is a sorry trade; take heed, in time!”

“And so I would,” replied Charlotte; “but I’ve a wicked old hunk of a father, who rolls in money and mistresses, yet denies me a guinea, and has had the impudence to make so worthy a gentleman as yourself answer for it.”

\* De Camp.

By the enterprise and perseverance of Mr. Whitbread, the new Drury Lane Theatre, in the spring of 1812, was announced complete. The grand movement was now making for opening this splendid edifice for dramatic action, and rehearsing those antique glories, by which the site had still remained memorable, amidst the ruins which had lately surrounded. The sum subscribed for the re-erection of the theatre, was 400,000*l.*, out of which 40,000*l.* was applied to the purchase of the old interest—viz., 20,000*l.* to Sheridan, and the other moiety in equal portions, between Mrs. Linley, Mrs. Richardson, and T. Sheridan. The old renters, and other creditors, accepted 25 per cent. in full of their respective demands, and the Duke of Bedford released the property of his claim, amounting to 12,000*l.* The remainder of the sum subscribed was deemed sufficient to the completion of the undertaking.

Mr. Richard Wilson, of whom we have before had occasion to speak, proposed to the committee a rent of 20,000*l.* per annum, and to take a lease jointly with Elliston, for a term of twenty-one years. The offer, however, was declined.

Arnold being now appointed to the management, Elliston signed articles with the proprietors for five years' service, determinable at their option at the end of the third year, at 30*l.* per week for three nights' performances, and 5*l.* nightly for any extra service.

In August, the committee announced, by advertisement, that the authorship of the poetic Address to be spoken on the restoration of the theatre, was open to public competition. This declaration gave rise to the celebrated publication of the "Rejected Addresses," one of the happiest efforts of its precise nature, which has ever perhaps appeared, and likely to enjoy the favour of posterity equally with "the only true and particular" composition, by which the play-going public were welcomed for nine consecutive nights.

Upwards of one hundred sealed addresses were forwarded to the dread Sorbonne of the Drury Committee, of which "*sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,*" and not a few of the number, as may well be imagined, attracted notice after a fashion somewhat different to the secret promptings of the respective bards, and like the tinker's terrier, have owed their preservation to being the "ugliest dog" in the whole country. Some examples of the litter we have seen; one or two we beg here to offer. The first ugly dog ran after this manner:—

"A new theatre in quite a modern style,  
Beautifully finish'd—a stupendous pile,  
In a short time uprears its lofty crest,  
Just like a burnt-out Phœnix from its nest;  
Where loyalty once more shall raise its voice,  
All that can make a British heart rejoice.  
Here the proud Corsican shall quickly know  
The fortune which shall humble England's foe;  
Here shall he find the battles all recast—  
Blenheim to Salamanca—July last.  
For 'tis the drama's duty to inspire  
Britannia's sons with patriotic fire.

To Whitbread thanks, and noble Holland too,  
For bringing all this beauteous scene to view;  
Raising a temple, where but yesterday  
All was a mass of smoking stones and clay,  
Shewing so much of industry and skill,  
And what the English can do if they will."



This composition was spun to above eighty lines. We will now pull out another cur by the ears:—

“Once more we meet you—meet you once again,  
Patrons and good old friends, in Drury Lane;  
Once more in spite of all the fates can do,  
Welcome a British audience—you—you—you!  
But, oh! my thoughts are driven to recall  
That fearful night, which you remember all,  
When furious flames assail’d these hallow’d beams,  
And sent their fury in ten thousand streams.  
When you, good citizens, with aspect dire,  
Shouted through London—“Drury is on fire!”  
And pallid consternation held the town,  
From the mechanic upwards to the crown.  
Such, for a moment, must we all retrace,  
Whilst I address you from the self-same place,  
The very spot the element controll’d,  
And where the mighty fabric toppling, roll’d;  
While tears which follow’d, only served to swell  
The red devourer which they could not quell;  
Such having claim’d our sympathetic sigh,  
Forget what’s past, and wipe the weeping eye.”

Thus we see the same ridiculous and blind affection, which made the ape, in the fable, produce her young one, when a decree had been published amongst the beasts, that the most beautiful offspring should become their king.

So much for the “ugly dogs,” and we really know not that, amongst the whole pack (100 copies), there was a single pet, beauty, or real “King Charles” worthy perpetuating the Merry Monarch’s patent at old Drury; or, in other words, a single address deserving the great occasion; but of this we are quite convinced, that it was intended from the very first that Lord Byron should be ultimately fixed on for the part, though Petrarch’s crown had been so ostentatiously declared the inheritance of “him who was most worthy.” Lord Holland managed the affair—a management more adroit than many which followed under the same roof.

Under, what was called, an emergency, Lord Byron was applied to for an address. The following is one of many letters which the poet addressed to Lord Holland on the subject:—

“Sept. 27, 1812.

“I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House. As to remarks, I can only say, I will alter and acquiesce in anything. With regard to the part which Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the Address will go off *quicker* without it, though, like the agility of the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigour. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave.

“As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the committee will testify that I sent in nothing to the congress whatever, with or without name, as your lordship well knows. All I have to do with it is, with and through you; and though I, of course, wish to satisfy the audience, I do assure you, my first object is to comply with your request, and in so doing to shew the sense I have of the many obligations you have conferred upon me. Yours, ever,

Byron

The address, by Lord Byron, is well known to most of our readers. A copy was forthwith forwarded to Elliston for study; some days subsequent to which, he received the annexed from Lord Holland:—

“DEAR SIR,—I have referred to Lord Byron’s copy, and find it agrees with my notions respecting the lines, and with great deference to Walker, it should be so. Would you begin your *Hamlet* soliloquy with—‘*Either to be, or not to be?*’ There can be no question in the matter. The fact is, these grammarians hand down rules from other languages, or from their own theories, and then endeavour to reduce our English tongue to their own arbitrary standard, instead of making good idiomatic writers their rule.

“It has occurred to me, that by repeating the 22nd and 23rd lines, a little more rapidly than you did this morning, you will relieve the passage somewhat of its solemnity, which, though striking and poetical, might be felt monotonous.

“But you can judge of this matter better than I can, and I only make the suggestion for the purpose of shewing you how little fault I can find with your recital. I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

*Vassall Holland*

On the day preceding the opening, came another note:—

“DEAR SIR,—I have just received a letter from Lord Byron, and he is anxious, should it not be too late, that you should repeat the lines after ‘Brinsley cease to write,’ as thus altered:—

‘Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,  
Vain of our ancestry, as well as theirs,  
While thus remembrance borrows *Banquo’s* glass,  
To claim the scepter’d shadows as they pass;  
And we the mirror hold, where, imaged, shine  
Immortal names, emblazon’d in our line,  
Pause, &c.’

“The alteration is so trifling, that although it reaches you at this late hour, I trust it will not embarrass you.

“Your humble servant,

“VASSALL HOLLAND.”

Whitbread had also, at a “late hour,” cut out of the address the passage which Lord Byron denominated his “cavalry lines,” these being a fling against the horses, at this time unduly attractive at the rival house, Covent Garden; and several members of the committee, also desirous of claiming some little suggestion as their own, all persecuted poor Elliston with trifling alterations, so that his embarrassment might have been well forgiven, had it really taken place. The alteration suggested through Lord Holland, was the form in which the address was subsequently published.\*

\* Amongst the competitors for the prize Address, we find Wm. T. Fitzgerald, Ch. Masterman, Mary Russell Mitford, G. F. Busby, George Lamb, John Taylor, Joseph Hume, H. Jameson, Paul Jodrell, Horatio Smith, Wm. Linley, Ch. Brinsley Sheridan, J. Edwards, (a sign-painter, who afterwards turned actor,) and Wm. Burton, (another painter and glazier,) &c.



## A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. IV.

MYTHIC STORIES OF ANTIENT SICILY.—ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.—ACIS AND GALATEA.—RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

THE mythic portion of the history of Sicily is like its region—small, rich, lovely, and terrible. It may be said to consist wholly of the stories of Typhæus, of Polyphemus and the Cyclopes, of Scylla and Charybdis, of the Sirens, of the Rape of Proserpine, of Alpheus and Arethusa, of Acis and Galatea—names, which have become music in the ears of mankind.

What! is Typhæus a musical name? and Polyphemus and the Cyclopes? Yes, of the grander sort; organ-like—the bass for the treble of the Sirens; the gloom and terror, over which floats away, through vine and almond, the lovely murmur of Alpheus and Arethusa.

We shall not explain away these beautiful fables into allegory, physics, or any other kind of ungrateful and half-witted prose. They may have had the dullest sources, for aught we know, as beautiful streams may have their fountains in the dullest places, or delightful children unaccountably issue from the most common-place ancestors; but there they were of old, in Sicily, and here they are among us to this day in poets' books, in painters' colours, among the delights of every cultivated mind, true as anything else that is known by its effects—spiritual creatures, living and breathing in the enchanted regions of the imagination. The poets took them in hand from infancy, and made them the real and immortal things they are. We shall not deny their analogy with beautiful or grand operations in nature, as long as the mystery and poetry of those operations are kept in mind also. Typhæus, or Typhon, for instance, may be the Tifoon, or dreadful wind, of the eastern seas, or the *smoking* of Mount Ætna, (from *τυφω*, to smoke,) or both in one, from some old primitive root; for as long as the cause of this remains a secret, and his effect is poetical, so long the spirit of the mystery may be embodied as imagination pleases. Suffice for us, that the thing is there, somehow. All that we object to is stopping at mechanical and prosaical causes, and thinking they settle anything.

This said personage Typhæus is, it must be owned, a tremendous fellow to begin stories with of beautiful Sicily—to put at the head of creations containing so much loveliness. He was a monster of monsters, brought forward by Earth as a last desperate resource when her Giants had been overthrown. His stature reached the sky; he had a hundred dragons' heads, vomiting forth devouring flames; and when it pleased him to express his dissatisfaction, there issued from these heads the roaring and shrieking yells of a hundred different animals. Jupiter had as hard a task to conquer him, as Amadis had with the Endriago. A good report of the fight is to be found in Hesiod. Heaven trembled, and earth groaned, and ocean flashed with a double ghastly radiance, as they shot flames and bolts at one another. The king of the gods at length collected all his deity for one tre-

mendous effort, and leaping upon him with his whole armory of thunders, made all his foaming mouths hiss in the overwhelming blaze; the mountain hollows flashed fainter and fainter where he lay smitten; the rocks dropped about him like melted lead; and Jupiter tore up the whole island of Sicily, and flung it upon him, one promontory acting as a presser on one hand, another on another, a third on his legs, and the crater of Mount Ætna being left him for a spiracle. There he lay in the time of Ovid, making the cities tremble as he turned his neck; and there he lies still, for all that Brydone, or Smyth, or even Monsieur Goubillon have proved to the contrary; though scepticism has attained to such a pitch in that quarter, that the only danger in earthquakes is now attributed to people's not being quick enough with displaying the veil of Saint Agatha.

Compared with this cloud-capped enormity, our old friend Polyphemus (Many-Voice), the ogre, or Fee-Faw-Fum of antiquity, becomes quite a human being. He and his one-eyed Cyclopes (Round-Eyes), are the primitive inhabitants of Sicily, before men ploughed and reaped. They kept sheep and goats, and had an eye to business in the cannibal line; though what it exactly was that gave them their name, we cannot say; nor is it necessary to trouble the reader with the controversies on that point. Very huge fellows they were, beating Brobdignagians to nothing. Homer describes Polyphemus as looking like a "woody hill." He kept Ulysses and his companions in his cave to eat them, just as his oriental counterpart did Sindbad, and the giants of our childhood proposed to feast on Jack; and when Ulysses put out the eye of roaring Many-Voice with a firebrand, and got off to sea, the blind monster sent some rocks after the ship, which remain stuck on the coast to this day. Yet by the magic of love and sympathy, we have seen even Polyphemus rendered pathetic in the pages of Theocritus; and Handel has done as much for him in his musical version of the story, especially in those exquisite caressing passages between Acis and Galatea, ("The flocks shall leave the mountain," &c.) which might fill the most amiable rival with torment, much more such a desperate innamorato as the man-mountain. Acis (*Acuteness*) and Galatea (*Milky*)—(we like this fairy-tale restitution of the meanings of ancient names, the example of which was first set, we believe, by Mr. Keightley)—forgot themselves, however, too far, when they made love before the very eyes of the rival,—not the only instance, we fear, of similar provocation given by the vanity of happy lovers. We regret it the more on account of the monster's hopelessness; and considering the little patience that was to be expected of him, almost half-pardon the rock which he sent on their ecstatic heads.

Scylla and Charybdis, or Scylla and Glaucus rather, is a far more appalling story of jealousy. Scylla properly belongs to the opposite coast of Naples; but as she and her fellow-monster Charybdis are usually named together, and the latter tenanted the Sicilian coast, and the strait between them was very narrow, she is not to be omitted in Sicilian fable. Charybdis (quasi Chalybdis, *Hiding?* though some derive it from two words signifying to "gape" and "absorb") was a female robber, who, having stolen the oxen of Hercules, was condemned to be a whirlpool, and suck ships into its gulf. But she was a horror not to be compared with Scylla, though the latter was thought less



dangerous to pass. Mr. Keightly has so well told this story out of Homer, that we must repeat it in his words:—

“Having escaped the Sirens, and shunned the Wandering Rocks, which Circe told him lay beyond the mead of these songsters, Odysseus (Ulysses) came to the terrific Scylla and Charybdis, between which the goddess had informed him his course lay. She said he would come to two lofty cliffs opposite each other, between which he must pass. One of these cliffs towers to such a height, that its summit is for ever enveloped in clouds; and no man, even if he had twenty hands and as many feet, could ascend it. In the middle of this cliff, she says, is a cave facing the west, but so high, that a man in a ship passing under it could not shoot up to it with a bow. In this den dwells Scylla (*Bitch*), whose voice sounds like that of a young whelp: she had twelve feet and six long necks, with a terrific head, and three rows of close-set teeth on each. Evermore she stretches out these necks and catches the porpoises, sea-dogs, and other large animals of the sea, which swim by, and out of every ship that passes *each mouth takes a man*.

“The opposite rock, the goddess informs him, is much lower, for a man could shoot over it. A wild fig-tree grows on it, stretching his branches down to the water: but beneath, ‘divine Charybdis’ three times each day absorbs and regorges the dark water. It is much more dangerous, she adds, to pass Charybdis than Scylla.

“As Odysseus sailed by, Scylla took *six of his crew*; and when, after he had lost his ship and companions, he was carried by wind and wave, as he floated on a part of the wreck, between the monsters, the mast by which he supported himself was sucked in by Charybdis. He held by the fig-tree, till it was thrown out again, and resumed his voyage.”—*Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*. Sec. edit., p. 271.

It has been thought by some, that by the word Scylla is meant the bitch of the sea-dog, or *seal*,—a creature often found on this coast. Be this as it may (and the seal having a more human look than a dog, might suggest a more frightful image, to say nothing of its being more appropriate to the water), who was Scylla? and how came she to be this tremendous monster? From the jealousy of Circe. Scylla was originally a beautiful maiden, fond of the company of the sea-nymphs, and Glaucus (sea-green), a god of the sea, was in love with her. She did not like him; and Glaucus applied to Circe for help, from her skill in magic. Circe fell in love with the lover, and being enraged with the attractions that made him refuse her, poisoned the water in which Scylla bathed. The result was the conversion of her lower limbs into a set of barking dogs. They were part of her; and when in her horror she thought to drive them back, she found herself “hauling” them along with her,—one creature, says Ovid, hauling many:

“Quos fugit, attrahit una.”—METAM. xiv., v. 63.

This is very dreadful; yet Homer’s creature is more so. Her proceedings exactly resemble the accounts which mariners have given of a huge sea-polypus,—a cousin of the kraken, or sea-serpent,—who thrusts her gigantic feelers over the deck of an unsuspecting ship, and carries off a few seamen. There is a picture of it in one of the editions of Buffon. But the dog-like barking, and the terrific head and teeth,

to which the imagination involuntarily gives something of a human aspect, leaves the advantage of the horrible still on the side of the poet.

An old English poet, Thomas Lodge, at a time when our earliest dramatists, who were university-men, had set the example of a love of classical fable, wrote a poem on Glaucus and Scylla, in which there are passages of the loveliest beauty; but it was spoilt, as a whole, with conceits. In describing the nymph's yellow hair, he makes use of a Sicilian image, very fit for our Blue Jar:—

"Her hair, not truss'd, but scatter'd on her brow,  
Surpassing Hybla's honey."

We are to suppose it lying in sunny flakes. Lodge, though an Oxford man, or perhaps for that reason, has curiously mixed up paganism and Christianity in Glaucus's complaint of his mistress: but the second verse is fine, and the last truly lover-like and touching:—

"Alas, sweet nymphs, my godhead's all in vain;  
For why? *this breast includes immortal pain.*"

"Scylla hath eyes, but two sweet eyes hath Scylla;  
Scylla hath hands, fair hands, but coy in touching:  
Scylla in wit surpasseth grave Sibylla:

(This is the Sibyl of Æneas)

Scylla hath words, but words well-stored with grutching;  
Scylla, a saint in look, no saint in scorning,  
*Look saint-like, Scylla, lest I die with mourning.*"

The modulation and antithetical turn of these verses will remind the reader not only of Lodge's friends, Peele and Greene, who had both a fine ear for music, but of Shakspeare's first production, *Venus and Adonis*, in which he exhibited that fondness for classical fable which never forsook him. It is remarkable, indeed, that the old English poets, and those true successors of theirs whom we have seen in our own time, have been almost more Greek in this respect than the Greeks themselves. Spenser was half made up of it; Milton could not help introducing it in *Paradise Lost*; and it was rescued from the degradation it underwent in the French school of poetry, with its cant about the "Paphian bower," and its identifications of Venus and Chloe, by the inspired Muse of Keats. He has told the present story in his "*Endymion*," though not in his best manner, except where he speaks of Circe; of the inflictions of whose sorcery he gives a scene of the very finest and most appalling description—

"*A sight too fearful for the feel of fear.—*  
*In thicket hid—*

(It is Glaucus who is speaking, and whom the poet represents as having been beguiled into Circe's love)—

*In thicket hid I cursed the haggard scene—*  
*The banquet of my arms, my arbour queen,*  
*Seated upon an uptorn forest root,*  
*And all around her shapes, wizzard and brute,*  
*Laughing and wailing, groveling, serpentine.*

*Fierce, wan,*  
*And tyrannizing was the lady's look,*  
*As over them a gnarled staff she shook."*

The look of a sorceress, full of the passions, was never painted more



strongly than in the meeting of those epithets, "wan and tyrannizing;" and the word "lady" makes the fierceness more shocking.

But Keats has not the heart to make the love part of the story end unhappily, much less to endure the brutification of the lovely limbs of Scylla. He revives her to be put into a Lover's Elysium. So, in telling the story of Alpheus and Arethusa, he will not let Arethusa reject Alpheus willingly. He makes her lament the necessity as one of the train of Diana; and leaves us to conclude that the lovers became happy. It would hardly be necessary to tell any reader (only it is as pleasant to repeat these stories, as it is to hear beautiful old airs) that Alpheus was a river-god of Greece, who fell in love with the wood-nymph Arethuse; and that the latter, praying for help to Diana, was converted into a stream, and pursued under land and sea by the other enamoured water, as far as the island of Sicily, where the streams became united. The strangeness of the adventure, and the beauty of the names, have made everybody in love with the story. All the world knows how "divine Alpheus," as Milton says—

"Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;"

or rather they all knew the *fact*; but the *how*, or manner of it, was a puzzle, till the English poet related the adventure as it was witnessed by Endymion in a grotto under the sea. The lover of the Moon suddenly heard strange distant echoes, which seemed—

"—— The ghosts, the dying swells  
Of noises far away—hist!—Hereupon  
He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone  
Came louder; and behold! there, as he lay,  
On either side out-gush'd, with misty spray,  
A copious spring; and both together dash'd  
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd  
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,  
Leaving a trickling dew."

(These are the two living streams, one in pursuit of the other)

"—— At last they shot  
Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise  
As of some breathless racers, whose hopes poise  
Upon the last few steps, and with spent force  
Along the ground they took a winding course.  
Endymion follow'd, for it seem'd that one  
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun."

After a while, he hears a whispering dialogue, in which the female voice shews plainly enough, that the speaker would stay if she might; but suddenly the severe face of Diana is before her, and in an instant

"—— fell  
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell;"

and Endymion puts up a prayer for their escape.

When the writer of these articles was in Italy, he saw on a mantel-piece a card inscribed, *Le Marquis de Retuse*. This was the Frenchified denomination of a Sicilian nobleman, who, strangely combining Greek and Gothic in his title, was no less a personage than the *Marquis of Arethusa*! He was proprietor, doubtless, of the spot where the fountain still exists;—ay, still exists, and under its old name, but

according to travellers, deplorably altered, for it has become, as one of them contemptuously calls it, the public "wash-tub!" It is the Syracusan laundry. Divers, therefore, are the jokes cracked on the "nymphs" that now attend it; and some foreigners agree that such were the "only nymphs" that ever existed, and are very merry and triumphant over the fallen condition of the once-exquisite Arethusa. Poor fellows! taking pains to vulgarize their own perceptions, and diminish the amount of grace and joy. As if Arethusa, like themselves, were at the mercy of a homely association; and all that had been written about her, no better than their own account with the laundress! They flatter themselves; and leave her just where she was,—everywhere, and immortal. It may not be very pleasant to look for a poetic fountain, and find a laundry; but the imagination is a poor one indeed, which is to be overwhelmed by it. Its nymphs could never have been very different from laundresses, if the truth were known; or at the utmost, of little higher stock than such as laundresses and milliners are the making of.

There are two things, we confess, about the *Sirens*, that always perplexed us. In the first place, we never found anything particularly attractive in any one of the songs attributed to them, not even by Homer; and secondly, we are too much in the secret of their deformity. We know that they were ghastly monsters, bird-harpies with women's heads, and surrounded with human bones; and the consequence is, we can never find them in the least degree enticing. It is to no purpose that they combine stringed with wind instruments, and a voice crowning all. One of them may call herself *Fair-Goddess* (*Leucothea*), and another *Fine Voice* (*Ligeia*), and the third, *Maiden-Face* (*Parthenope*):—we know all about them, and we are not to be taken in. It would require a dream as horrible as Coleridge's "Pains of Sleep," to bring our antipathy into any communication with them—to make us walk in our sleep towards their quarter:—

"Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,  
On wild and hateful objects fix'd;  
Fantastic passions, maddening brawl,  
And shame and terror over all."

When the modern poets turned the *Sirens* into mermaids, we think they greatly improved the breed. A woman, we grant, who is half a fish, is not a desideratum in the abstract; but at any rate she is better than a great human-faced bird hopping about; and besides, the conformation of the creatures being altered, we are not so sure they will do us harm, especially as the poets treat them with comparative respect, and sometimes even with tenderness. The names above-mentioned acquire a double elegance in the adjurations of the Spirit in *Comus*:—

"By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the songs of *Sirens* sweet,  
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,  
And fair *Ligeia's* golden comb,  
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks."

These alluring locks come home to us. We have seen such at our elbows, and can hear the comb passing through them.



Spenser increased the number of the Sirens to five, and directly designated them as mermaids:

"And now they nigh approached to the stead  
Whereas those mermaids dwelt. It was a still  
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered  
With the broad shadow of an hoary hill;  
On th' other side an high rock towered still,  
That 'twixt them both a pleasant port they made,  
And did like an half theatre fulfil.  
There those five sisters had continual trade,  
And used to bathe themselves in that deceitful shade."

FAERIE QUEENE, Book ii., Canto 12.

This line is so soft and gently drawn out, and the place altogether so sweet and natural, that when the Sirens begin to sing, we really feel in danger, and do not wonder that the poet's hero desired his boatmen to

"————— row easily,  
And let him hear some part of their rare melody."

In fact, they are even now detaining us too long, so we must push forward.

We have kept the most beautiful of the Sicilian mythic stories to conclude with—for such, doubtless, is the Rape of Proserpine. It is full of the most striking contrasts of grandeur and beauty; both heaven and hell are in it—the freshest vernal airs, and the depths of Tartarus; and the hearts of a mother and daughter beat through all. It is a tale at once of the wildest preternaturalism and the most familiar domestic tenderness. The daughter of Ceres is gathering flowers, with other damsels of her own age, in the Vale of Enna, intent upon nothing but seeing who shall get the finest. Suddenly, in the midst of the violets and jonquils, a clang is heard like the noise of a thousand caldrons—the earth bursts open, and a rapid, majestic figure appears, like a swarthy Jupiter, who, sweeping by Proserpine, whirls her with him into his chariot, and prepares to rush down through another opening. The nymph Cyane has alone the courage to bid him stop, and ask him why he dares to take away the daughter of Ceres. He makes no answer, but, knitting his brows like thunderbolts, smites the fountain over which she presided with an iron mace, and dashes down through it with his prey. It is the King of Hell himself, tired of celibacy, and resolved to have the fairest creature on earth for his wife.

The cries of Proserpine become fainter as the earth closes over them—but they have been heard by Ceres, who comes, with all the speed of a divine being, to see what is the matter. She can discern nothing; the tranquillity of the scene is restored—Cyane has melted away in tears. The goddess seeks everywhere in vain—she travels by day and by night, lit by two flaming pines from Mount Ætna. At length she learns who has got her daughter, and, by the intervention of Jupiter, Proserpine is allowed to come to earth and see her. The mother and daughter are half drowned in tears, half absorbed in delight, and Jupiter would prevent their separation, but is not able—for Proserpine has eaten of a fatal fruit, compulsory of her continuance with Pluto, and all that can be done is to stipulate for her being half a year with her mother, on condition of her being a good wife during the other

half. Ceres makes a virtue of the necessity, seeing that her daughter is married to the brother of Jove—and Proserpine is content to divide the throne of Tartarus, and walk in gardens of her own, splendid, though underground.

The ancient poets made these gardens consist of all the flowers which she had been accustomed to gather in Sicily; but modern imagination, which (with their leave be it said) is still finer than theirs, and sees a beauty beyond its ordinary manifestations in the fitness of things, and the balance of good and evil, has told us, through the inspired medium of Spenser, that the garden was such a garden as might have been expected from "the grandeur of the glooms" in those lower regions:

"There mournful cypress grew in greatest store,  
And trees of bitter gall, and ebon sad,  
Deep-sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,  
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,  
Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad,  
With which the unjust Athenians made to die  
Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad  
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy  
To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy.

The Garden of Proserpina this hight;  
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,  
With a thick arbour goodly overdight,  
In which she often used from open heat  
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat;  
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,  
With branches broad dispread, and body great,  
Clothed with leaves, that none the fruit might see,  
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples, glistening bright."

FAERIE QUEENE, Book ii., Canto 7.

Here we see that Proserpine enjoyed herself, though among flowers of a different kind from those to which she had been accustomed. She became used to the place, and found pleasures even in Tartarus. And reasonably. First, because she needed them; and in the second place, because she knew there was good as well as evil there, and that the evil things themselves contained good. The hemlock was "bad," inasmuch as it killed Socrates, but it was good, also, for many a medicinal cup. "Deep-sleeping poppy" was a very kindly fellow, if properly treated—and all the flowers, after their kind, were full of beauty. Flowers cannot help being beautiful. Then there was the silver seat and the golden tree, and it is manifest that the summer sun used to come there through some unknown ravine, besides (as Wordsworth says),

"Calm pleasures and majestic pains."

We do not, to be sure, see what good Tantalus's eternal thirst could have been to him, nor the everlasting wheel to Ixion, but, probably, on coming up to those gentlemen, we should have found they were visions, put there to make us "snatch a fearful joy" at thinking we were not among them *in propria persona*.

And so we take leave of the beautiful ancient fables of Sicily, having found honey for our Jar even in the fields of Pluto.—In our next number we propose to look at the more flesh-and-blood stories of its real history, which will gradually conduct us to the romance of its Norman times, and to its modern pastoral.



## THE SEA VOYAGE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

**THE** anticipations of a long and distant journey are full of interest and excitement. The sorrow experienced on parting from friends and country, are more than counterbalanced by the promise of change and adventure; and when the *George Canning* lay, chartered as a transport, on the ruffled waters of the Mersey, attended upon by a steamer, conveying stores and material from the shore, preparatory to taking advantage of the first favourable breeze, there was a spirit-stirring bustle and movement, which communicated life and activity to all who were engaged in the proposed enterprise of opening a new line of intercommunication with India.

How far this spirit was carried, may be judged of by a slight incident which occurred towards the dusk of a cold evening. The steamer was just about quitting the barque, when a tide-waiter missed his footing, and slipped into the river, running out at that time, at a rate of about five or six knots an hour.

Actuated by the impulse of the moment, Fitzjames, one of our naval officers, sprang into the stream, and swimming lustily along with the current, overtook the man, and held him up by the hair; but it was in vain that with such a burthen he attempted to turn round and face the tide; the two were every moment losing ground, and the results must soon have been fatal to one or both, had not the steamer instantly sped away, and luckily succeeded in picking them up, when already nearly a mile from the ship. For this gallant act, the freedom of the city of Liverpool, and a piece of plate, were generously voted to this truly humane and courageous officer.

At length, everything being safe on board, including two iron steam-boats in segments, their ponderous boilers, and a no less weighty diving-bell, wagons, arms and ammunition, and an infinite variety of minor stores; on the morning of Tuesday, February 10th, 1835, a breeze having sprung up from the N.E. by E., the *George Canning* was towed out of the river by the *Cumberland* steam-packet; but coming on to blow freshly at night, the two vessels soon parted, and it was not till mid-day of the 12th that our number was telegraphed off Holyhead.

Once in the open sea, a general muster of all hands was called, and the Expedition was found to present a complement of thirteen officers, seventeen artillerymen and sappers, two engineers, six rivetters and blacksmiths, two carpenters, and sixteen seamen. Articles of agreement, by which the different members of the Expedition bound themselves over to union among themselves, and to obedience to the appointed Commander of the Expedition—Colonel Chesney, were read aloud by Colonel Estcourt, and afterwards signed by the officers and men, with the exception of the civilians from Liverpool—engineers, rivetters, &c., whose ideas of personal liberty and independence were interfered with by the proposed signature of articles of agreement, and who did not comprehend that, by mutually binding all, they were most conducive to the safety and security of each.

While beating off the coast of Ireland, on Friday the 13th, a pilot

boat came out of the river Suire, and advantage was taken of the circumstance to send Charlewood, one of the naval officers, ashore, that he might proceed onwards to Cork, and apprise the Alban steamer, which was waiting in the Cove, to accompany and assist us in our voyage, of our approach.

On Sunday the 15th, a pilot from Cork came on board, with a letter from the Commander of the Alban, which had not come out on account of the bad weather, and at half-past ten, we hove to at the embouchure of the Cove, which, to avoid delays, we did not enter. Charlewood came off in an open boat and a turbulent sea about mid-day.

About one in the morning Cleaveland, our naval commander, was despatched to bring down the reluctant steamer, which kept herself quietly ensconced in the harbour, and about half-past seven in the morning she made her appearance, having in tow barges laden with water, meal, pork, and other provisions, and a whole fleet of little boats, with bread, butter, milk, spirits, and washerwomen by the dozens.

The scientific party, including Murphy of the Royal Engineers, Thomson, now Military Secretary to the Persian Embassy, and the author, and who, for brevity sake, were designated by the others, the "acute party," were on shore, vibrating the magnetic needles, when at four P.M., the Alban steamer having returned from reconveying the provision barges, signals were hoisted for weighing anchor.

The wind was blowing hard from the south-west, and on crossing the Nymph bank, so strong a swell was experienced, that it was no longer possible for the steamer and barque to keep together, and the connecting hawser having been let go, the Alban was soon afterwards obliged to bear up against the wind, and ultimately gained the coast of England, and we thus lost its services at a very early period.

Our course across the Atlantic was, from the prevalence of contrary winds, long and tedious; and there were but few living things to distract attention. The common and the bottle-nosed porpoise occasionally toiled away in the wake of the vessel. Gulls were frequent enough; and now and then a few stormy petrels presented an opportunity for a shot. The Solan goose, wending its long steady flight over the watery wastes, was but a sorry representative of the mightier albatross of southern seas.

Down below the scene was more various; notwithstanding that stuffed cylinders of canvas, and arches of wood, supporting ranges of strings, things known on the aquatic element by the name of puddings and fiddles, had been carefully placed in order to preserve the decorum of the dinner-table, and that all who were not—long before reaching the Bay of Biscay—in their berths, endeavoured to reach their places with the utmost composure possible; still, there was an infinite fund of amusement afforded by the impossibility there was of either persons or things preserving their equilibrium; and by the multiplicity of strange accidents which resulted from this inconvenient state of things, among not the least ridiculous of which was a sudden lurch of the vessel, which, after throwing our commander on his back, deposited the whole apparel of the breakfast-table in his lap, followed by the persons of those who were seated at it.

The detail of the picturesque of the ocean, has been very little attended to by travellers, often however prolix in what regards their own sensations. The different colours of its waters—its luminosity and various aspects—the extent of its currents—its periodical oscilla-



tions—its tidal waves—and the height, impetuosity, and swiftness of its undulatory motions, all, however, furnished to us interesting objects of examination, and, at times, a most varied and beautiful scenery.

While off Cape St. Vincent (Feb. 26th), a sudden change in the temperature of the ocean—the indications of which were carefully registered several times a day—shewed that we were passing through a not uncommon northerly extension of the Gulf Stream, and at the same time, certain new forms of vegetable life (*Cystocaira* and *Sargassæ*) were now observed to take the place of the hitherto common weeds of the ocean (*Fucaceæ* and *Laminariæ*), and occasional fish of the *Lophiæ* tribe exhibited their strange forms among the floating meadows torn up from the deep.

How much more descriptive and correct, and at the same time, how much more picturesque and eloquent in its appeal to our feelings and intelligence it would be, if seas were, as long ago proposed by naturalists, named after the peculiar and characteristic forms of animal and vegetable life which tenant them, than by their present unmeaning nomenclature derived from a traditionary lost island (Atlantic)—from a scarcely uniform Pacific nature—from a supposed redness or blackness—from a patron saint (St. George's Channel), or from a disputed claim, as the British Channel, which is La Manche of our neighbours.

It is not that every geographic mile, or every degree of latitude or longitude, is marked, at sea or on shore, by the appearance of any single animal or plant, but that such, or especially groups of such, are decidedly characteristic of great extents of space, only mingling on the limits of these with the wandering forms belonging to the groups of adjacent or continuous seas.

What can be more characteristic than the whales, walruses, and white bears of the Arctic ocean; its melancholy birds of sorrowful plumage; and its long flights of geese and ducks advancing into more temperate climates?

In these latter, the birds—gulls, Solan geese, penguins, puffins, &c.—are still without beauty; the colours of the fish—chiefly cod, herring, haddocks, flat-fish, &c.—are also dull, and the shells are never adorned with brilliant colours. The plants of the sea are few; and they are powerful, branching but slightly, and rather resembling thongs of leather than vegetable structures, being destined to resist a boisterous sea and frequent tempests.

The little *Cyprea Europea* is, in respect to form, like a gem of the south on our shores; yet it is but a simply white anticipation of the gaudy-coloured shells of the same genus which are met with in warmer climates; and on the same coasts, the mackerel exhibit the first play of colours, so animated in the dolphin or in the flying fish pursued by *Coryphænæ*, and which, with the albatross, pelicans, and petrels, are characteristic of more southerly regions.

How well do the dugongs—the sea-cows of the Atlantic—represent the walruses, or sea-cows of the Arctic seas?—the sea-lions of the Antarctic temperate zone, feeding on the leaves of marine trees, (*Macrocystæ*)—the seals of the Arctic temperate regions, and the immense flocks of sooty and Patagonian penguins—the ducks and geese of the corresponding parallels in the north?

How full of instruction it is to observe the modest and unpretending zoophytes of our shores, becoming great sponges and madreporites in the southern temperate ocean, rich corals and valued gorgonias in the

equatorial seas, and finally, so exuberant of propagation as to rise in islands above the waters in the Pacific; where severe winters never coming to interrupt the progress and the perfection of animal and vegetable life, the luxury of bright tints, and an infinite multiplicity of forms, are not restrained even to the animal regions of the coral and the madrepores, but the shells and fish, and even the usual dull-coloured whales, participate in the radiance which there belongs to all animated nature.

But we are getting as long-winded as a monsoon. A certain author says, more justly than civilly, that most travellers write more at sea, where there is nothing to be seen, than when they get on shore, and have really much that is new to communicate. Not to get into this category, we were all on deck before day-break on the morning of Monday, the 2nd of March, to see that beauteous planet Venus, beaming over the dim outline of the Ape's mountain. The contrast between the dark shadowy outline of rock, and the luminous star, gave to it an unaccustomed brightness, which only waned away as the sun shot up into the horizon with an appreciable velocity, and disclosed—to many for the first time—a perfection and grandeur of sea, land, and mountain scenery, which vies with anything that is to be met with on the surface of the globe:

“*Abylæ Africæ, Europæ Calpe,  
Laborum Herculis metæ.*”

The waters hemmed in by bold rocky barriers—the hills, except when clothed with dark pine, cork, or ilex forests, rugged and naked—towns scattered about at various elevations, and the sierra-like aspect of the distant mountain-chains, give indeed an unequalled variety to the prospect afforded by the Straits of Gibraltar.

The celebrated rock itself, *Jebel al Tar*, “the hill of *Tarik*,” (the chieftain who first landed in Europe with his Moslem followers,) bristling all over with bastions and parapets, juts out into the sea, in all the fearlessness of its adamantine foundations, and appeared, as first seen, to present three distinct summits, the loftiest of which rose upwards of 1400 feet out of the sea.

Spanish coasting vessels were scudding about the bay, and several larger ships were endeavouring to come in from the Mediterranean. The wind, however, was most in our favour; and a few tacks brought us off *Point Europa*, and thence into the bay. A boat was instantly sent off, with orders to throw the letters and despatches ashore, and to hold no personal communication.\* This was just accomplished, and the boat was returning from the mole, when the harbour master's gig was seen rowing swiftly towards us. The ship's head was, however, outwards; the main and fore-top sails were already loose; and the same moment our boat came alongside, the gib was let go, and we swept out of the bay within a pistol-shot of *Europa point*.

This was all we saw of Gibraltar, or of its placid beauteous bay, with its sandy neutral territory; its ruinous amphitheatre, belonging to *Carteia* of old; its picturesque towns of *San Roque* and *Algesiras*; and shores sweeping round by *Cabritta point* to *Tariffa*, a district covered with Moorish towers and castellated remains; while, in the background, the forest-clad and saw-like outline of *Sierra Vermega*

\* Communication with Gibraltar would have entailed a week's quarantine at Malta.



was impurpled by a glowing sun, which had just relieved the bluish-grey tint of morning, bringing forth an almost unequalled mass of shade and light, which contrasted well with the rich colouring imparted to the soil by a clear and southern sky.

Many a lingering half-satisfied look did we cast, as we swiftly scudded by, at the "wandering rocks" of Homer, and miscalled columns (Strabo's text is *νηοειδές*). Calpe, with its frowning forts and batteries, its unfathomable caves and light brown Apes, and its clefts and fissures, revealing the exuviae of ancient races of animals; and on the other side Abyla, a colossal pyramid, rising up like a pile of rocks heaped together in wild and extravagant irregularity, beneath which the castellated peninsula of Ceuta advanced in a low headland into the sea.

But we were careering on, and advancing joyously into the open Mediterranean. The dim outline of the Atlas bounded the horizon on the one side, and the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada the other, when the breeze, hitherto so favourable, fell and died away, and our canvas wings hung listless in the calm. Long did the mountains of Granada, with their verdant fringes of pine, cork, olive, and orange trees, remain in sight; the only amusement afforded us, was the occasional capture of a turtle, floating on the smooth surface of the sea, till the afternoon of the 4th, when, being within about six miles of the little untenanted island, called by the Arab name of Al Boran, a party, consisting of Captain Wyn, of the *George Canning*, Cockburn, of the artillery, Thomson, and the author, launched one of the ship's boats, with a crew of four men, to effect a landing. Before, however, the island was reached, a light breeze sprang up, and the shore was found so precipitous, and the breakers so apparent, that Wyn thought it advisable to turn back. Our return was, however, by no means so easily accomplished as anticipated; the breeze had carried the ship away to some distance, although hove to, to await us; the sailors made great efforts, and pulled away lustily; but night came on, and we were on the sea in an open boat, the ship no longer visible, and the breeze increasing into a bluff wind. An occasional gun, varied by a blue light, indicated our way; and at length, when the men were nearly worn out, we gained the vessel, now able to continue its free course.

Early on the morning of the 12th, we sailed into the harbour of La Valetta; and while Colonel Chesney was busily engaged with the affairs of the expedition, Thomson and the author made an exploratory trip through the islands of Malta, Goza, and Comino, an account of which has already appeared in the pages of this magazine. On his return, the author was politely invited to the palace of the governor, the late Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and also to the hospitable home of Dr. Davy, inspector of hospitals.

While at Malta, the commander obtained, as accessions to the expedition, the services of Mr. Rassam, attached to the missionary press, as interpreter, and also of several Maltese seamen, who were more immediately put under the charge of Mr. Bell, a young Englishman, versed in the Maltese and Arabic languages. The admiral commanding the Mediterranean station, Sir Josias Rowley, could not at the time dispense with the services of a steamer, but her majesty's sloop, *Columbine*, was appointed to accompany the expedition — an arrangement which we had afterwards every reason to rejoice in.

All preparations being completed, the expedition again took to sea

on the twenty-first. The wind being adverse to getting out of harbour, the admiral hoisted a signal for boats, and immediately one was launched from every ship of the fleet, and each came to take up its station at the tow-line; the appearance was at the time very imposing—the ramparts were lined with spectators; and we took our departure amidst the cheers of the different crews, and the sounding of bugles, more especially those of the royal artillery, who were most anxious to give a befitting farewell to the men and officers of their own corps.

Whenever the weather permitted it, the *Columbine*, being by far the fastest sailer, took the *George Canning* in tow, and thus we proceeded along the rocky shores of Candia, till on the 29th, coming within sight of Cyprus, Colonel Chesney, accompanied by the "acute party," went on board the *Columbine*, it being his intention to land the said party on the island, in order to connect it by triangulation with the coast of Syria, off the Orontes, and the coast of Asia-Minor, where Captain Beaufort's survey terminated, and all which points are visible from the island.

The *Columbine* accordingly stood away from the *George Canning*, into the Bay of Larnica, where she was met by a boat, rowed by the first turbaned gentlemen we had yet seen, and having on board the British agent, who brought word that the plague was raging on the island, and we were thus doomed to disappointment. The scientific party returned on board the *George Canning*; but Colonel Chesney remained on board the *Columbine*, till we should reach over to the coast of Syria, in order that he might precede the bark, and with Captain Henderson, of the sloop of war, chose a good anchorage for the expedition.

It was on the evening of the 3rd of April, that, preceded by the sloop, the *George Canning* sailed into the mountain-environed and wooded Bay of Orontes. Seamen, fatigued with the daily monotonous practice at the guns, now leaned listlessly on their carriages; men, weary of a routine drill, looked out with anxious countenances for a prospective landing, while the more enthusiastic officers had clambered in groups upon the cross trees of the different masts, from whence they could obtain a more comprehensive view of things.

Mount Casius, a conical mountain, rising 5318 feet above the level of the sea, had been long visible, indicating the entrance to the bay; but as we crept along the deep clear waters at its base, it was then alone that all the beauties of its details—its zones of luxuriant oriental vegetation, distinct as if bands of different colours encircled its giant girth, and its bare rocky head, with a few lingering patches of snow (from whence its Arab name, "Jebel el Akra," "Mount Bald")—became fully appreciable, and gave promises of a land of charming beauty, in which we little thought, at that moment of glad anticipation, how much there lurked of fever and sickness!

The *Columbine* did not like the first berth she took up, and setting sail, tried our patience sorely, by taking another board, bringing up at last in front of the river bar, and signaling to the *George Canning*, a station closer in shore, and at a distance of only 1200 yards from the low banks which hemmed in the sluggish waters of the Orontes, the El 'A'sí, or "the rebel" stream\* of the Easterns.

\* "From its refusing to water the fields without being compelled by means of watering-wheels," says Abú-l-fedá. ("Syria," p. 149.)



# ORIANA AND VESPERELLA; OR, THE CITY OF PEARLS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

## CHAPTER III.

VESPERELLA and Oriana walked at a good pace, till they were out of the reach of the ogre's house, and then the former began to feel hunger and weakness to be two enemies nearly as tormenting as those she had escaped. She asked Oriana for some of the sweet comfits, declaring that she was nearly famished for want of food; but her selfish sister refused to spare any, being, as she said, much in want of refreshment herself, and having but six comfits left—a poor meal, it must be confessed, for a princess, who had been used to cream and pippins out of a golden dish for breakfast. Oriana ate of her comfits; but in taking them out, she perceived that her feather was far from white. At this, however, she affected to laugh. Her sister sat down upon a little mossy hillock, and taking out that feather which Auressa had bequeathed to her, fed her spirits upon its brilliant whiteness, which, if possible, was more pure and beautiful than ever. All of a sudden, as the two sisters were pausing in the midst of this heath, weighed down with despondency, a little old woman, with green eyes, and eyelashes like feathers, and with hair very similar to the plumage of birds, approached in a decrepit manner, carrying in her tanned withered hand, which more resembled the claw of a falcon than anything human, a basket made of fresh green rushes, woven with the nicest art. In this basket was store of wortleberries, very pleasant to eat, and agreeable to the fancy, being gathered, as poets have remarked, from spots in which the remains of faithful lovers lie buried.

The old woman approached the princesses, and offered first to Oriana her basket of rude food; but this proud girl refused the proffer with considerable disdain, avowing that she had made a plentiful repast of sweet comfits, though this, from her store, could scarcely be true. Vesperella was then requested to accept of some berries, which she gladly caught at, and feasted from the basket with an eagerness not common to ladies in palaces. In truth, the old woman's kindness was very acceptable; and Vesperella thanked her with so infinite a grace, that princes might have been enamoured at seeing so much refinement in the best revels at their fêtes.

"Where are you going?" said the old dame, looking slyly at the wanderers; "are you going to the city of King Bobo, and the Prince Amorel, his son, to seek your fortunes at his grand procession before the ladies of the world?"

"What procession, my good dame?" exclaimed Oriana, with assumed affability and kindness.

"What! know you not that King Bobo this day marches in state through his City of Pearls, to choose the lady he loves best to be his queen?"

"Not I!" said Oriana, adjusting her habiliments, and sparkling at the eyes. "How far is the city from this spot; for I am neither so plain, nor so humble of birth, as to fear a comparison with the brightest ladies of the world; and the City of Pearls sounds most musically to my heart. Good sooth, Vesperella, I am enamoured of the king

already, from the name of his territories; and come what will, I will secure my seat upon his throne."

Poor Vesperella felt no inclination to damp the gaiety of her sister, or to contest with her the honour of winning the King of the City of Pearls; she therefore made no answer, but sat in quiet depression of heart.

"The distance is not great," returned the old woman, "and you will both be there in good time; for this young maid must be there, or she wrong her fortune. Do you observe yon brightness in the furthest sky?"

"To be sure I do," said Oriana; "do you think these eyes are feeble or dull?—these eyes, so often praised by monarchs of noblest birth? What of *that* brightness?"

"Follow it straightway, and you will come to the city through which the king is to pass. Put on your best jewels, your gayest attire, and your loveliest looks; for these must plead your cause with the King of the City of Pearls. Vesperella," continued the old dame, "be not so dispirited; go forward, and try your fate." With this kind advice the old woman hobbled off, carrying away an empty basket; for the famished princess had eaten of the berries more eagerly than ever she took strawberries and cream, or citrons from a cedar dish, in her own room, in summer mornings, at the palace. Oriana immediately sat down and wreathed herself with pearls beyond all number; she hung a chain of pure gold around her neck, to which was suspended a heart, formed of turquoise stone, longer and more beautiful than anything of the kind ever seen. All the gems and ornaments of her sister were called into the service of Oriana—diamonds for the hair and bosom; rings, of inestimable value, for every finger on the hand; bracelets of solid ruby and amethyst; and all the precious jewels that Persian merchants are acquainted with. Her lace dress was also put on! Not an ornament was left for Vesperella, save a picture of her mother set in precious stones, and hung with a chain of hair, black as the blackest feather or ebony, and taken from the regal head of the Queen of Day on her marriage morn.

"Methinks I look not amiss," said Oriana, gazing at herself in some pure water, which stood in one of the hollows of the heath; "it will go hard with the other ladies of the world when I shew myself on the pavement of the City of Pearls."

Vesperella hung her mother's picture around her neck, and merely tied up her long shadowy hair (which would curl of its own accord) with green rushes, plucked from the margin of the water beside which she was sitting. Having drawn their hoods over their heads—that of Vesperella being so drawn for comfort, and that of Oriana to hide her beauty and ornaments, till, like the sun, she should choose to uncloud herself—the two princesses journeyed away towards the brightness in the sky, as pointed out by the old woman. After much walking, and saucy chattering on the part of Oriana, they arrived at the gates of the city; somewhat tired, as it might be supposed, but yet mightily pleased to escape the dangers of an uninhabited heath, or possessed only of the house of the ogres. The princesses entered the city with varied feelings—those of Oriana being gay, confident, and haughty; while those of Vesperella were full of sorrow and indescribable fears.

The city seemed all alive with the coming procession; and certainly its joyous appearance was a highly pleasing sight; for it is not possible



in these days to imagine anything half so splendid as the houses, so long and glittering as the streets, or so happy as the people! Instead of stones, the roads were paved with pearls, as large, in some places, as the largest pumpkins; and the panes of the windows were of sliced diamonds in the place of glass, as used in less gay and more impoverished times. The light of the morning sun, therefore, on the casements and the streets, was as beautiful as can be conceived—ten times more beautiful than when it shines on the sea; which, however, is the best imitation in modern days. Long wreaths of sun-flowers, hollyhocks, and other solid offerings of autumnal summer, were hung from door to door for miles; and ladies, in their very best attire, kept walking out and in, laughing, to shew their white teeth, and looking continually in little pocket-glasses, to estimate their charms on this eventful day.

The passing crowd pushed the hooded, and therefore obscured, princesses, about with very little mercy, at which Oriana became highly incensed, and was even provoked to such a pitch at one time, as to run a bodkin, which she took from her casket for the purpose, some inches deep into the back of a rude person pushing hastily by. Vesperella blushed at her sister's fierceness, but dared not chide her, for fear of driving her into one of those terrible fits of passion which she had been subject to from the cradle, and in which she would stamp and rave for seven days without ceasing.

The sound of clarions and timbrels took off the attention of the person whom Oriana had attacked with the bodkin, and so prevented further strife; and it was the signal to Oriana to unveil her attired person, and come forth to the sun, covered with the most enchanting jewels, and looking, indeed, like the daughter of the Queen of Day. Her eyes sparkled exceedingly, and quite put the windows out of countenance; and her feet, which were covered with the choicest little pearls, shamed the pavement so, that it looked of common granite. The ladies ranged themselves of a row all up the streets, and luckily Oriana stood next to one or two old dowagers of the court, whose wrinkles would have their own way, and whose gaudy cheeks were too highly coloured for the occasion. She looked perfectly beautiful, and stood there the envy of all those rivals (except Vesperella) that sought the hand of the King of the City of Pearls.

The sound of music increased, and suddenly a most gorgeous procession appeared in sight. First rode a hundred trumpeters, two and two, dressed in red and gold, and seated on white horses, that danced in the liveliest manner. These trumpeters had tall plumes of feathers in their caps, and kept everlastingly applying long brazen trumpets to their mouths, with which they tore the air into a thousand pieces. Nothing could be more martial than their music. After these came black slaves, leaping about with golden bells at their wrists, elbows, shoulders, hips, knees and ancles, making the merriest noise, and singing songs in their own tongue, which, being foreign and incomprehensible to the ears of the ladies, charmed them vastly. Then followed children riding on lions, typical of love, scattering flowers far and near. In the midst of these sat one boy, gayer than the rest, and on a comelier lion, who at every half-mile (and one half-mile terminated just opposite the two princesses) sang these words, the trumpets ceasing the while:—

## SONG.\*

Ye empresses, queens, and princesses,  
 Bedizen'd out in your best dresses,  
 Unveil your bright eyes,  
 And stare for the prize ;  
 By Cupid ! there's no beau,  
 So fine as King Bobo !  
 Ching-bo—Chang-bo—Ching Chang Bobo !

Shew your hands, dearest ladies, shew hands,  
 And by them I'll you your fortunes ;  
 Alas ! you're all brown as the sands,  
 Your viols will play very short tunes :  
 By Cupid ! there's no king  
 So fine as Bobo king.  
 Ching-bo, &c.

There—hold out your delicate necks,  
 And unveil your ivory grinders ;  
 Oh, horrible samples—i'fecks,  
 His majesty's need of his blinders :  
 By Cupid ! no joking !  
 There's none like Bobo king !  
 Ching-bo, &c.

Face about, and let's see you behind ;  
 Stand sideways, and let's see you sideways ;  
 Hold your bosoms a little inclined ;  
 There, quarters—how half-ways—how wideways :  
 By Cupid ! there's no beau  
 So fine as King Bobo !  
 Ching-bo, &c.

As soon as these words were finished, there followed oboes and flutes, playing such tunes as we have no traces of now, and kettle-drums and horns, filling the air with their noble sounds. Young girls followed next, dancing and pirouetting as they passed along, and shaking a profusion of ribands about, as though they (the most costly things in those days) were the cheapest ornaments in the world. Trains of horses, carriages, banners, streamers, feathers, and what not, followed, till, on an elephant of stupendous size and sedate appearance, and clothed from the flap of his ear to the tip of his commanding tail, in sheeted gold and silver, was seated Bobo, the King of the City of Pearls ! who rode without his hat, and looked, with a double opera-glass, carefully at every lady as he passed. His son sat very modestly, and scarcely regarded any one, so exceedingly mild and retired was this amiable young prince. The king was short, dark-visaged, and plain, but thick-set, and possessing highly-cultivated black bushy whiskers, which, as the ladies one and all declared, much improved his manly and royal countenance. He was smothered in diamonds, and his fingers bedded in rings ; and he had one huge carbuncle at his side, which at times nearly bent him double with its weight. This was very striking. The ladies curtsied, simpered, and set their faces in the best light as he passed, each hoping, of course, to obtain the honour so much coveted by the splendid concourse of women around. But the king was of a very nice taste ; and he had already gone through all streets but the one in which he now was, without being satisfied. One had bad eyes—another had too rosy a complexion ; this was too pale—that was dignified, but too old. In short, he could not see a

\* I have found it very difficult to preserve the quaint style of the original, without falling into vulgarisms.



single face to which his curious discrimination could not start an objection. At length he came opposite to Oriana.

"Halt!" ejaculated the king, with a smile that wrinkled up his hairy face like a pressed apple. The multitude stopped, and the music ceased, while his majesty applied his glass to his eyes for the more perfect examination of her countenance. He looked at her with a marked and delicate attention for about three hours, while the cavalcade rested in breathless silence, and a pin could have been heard to drop in any part of his majesty's dominions, so great was the anxiety in all his subjects. At length the king called out, in the uncontrollable vehemence of his passion, "Bring me the royal ladder!" and immediately a black page ran forward with a ladder, made out of one entire and perfect chrysolite, and considered the rarest specimen of the kind. It was placed against the palpitating sides of the elephant, for this royal beast took a nervous interest in his mighty master's choice. The king descended; and advancing as hastily as his little legs would permit (and here he was a little out of the line of beauty), he cast away his double opera-glass, and taking Oriana in his arms, called out, "Long live the Queen of the City of Pearls!" She curtsied with hurried delight to his majesty (who took that opportunity of kissing her lips), and vowed that she loved him better than her red Morocco slippers trimmed with Persian lace. The multitude shouted, as they were in duty called to do, "Long live the Queen of the City of Pearls!" though all the ladies were highly chagrined at the luck of a stranger; and inquiries ran from one to the other of—"Who is she?" "Whence does she come?" "What can the king see in her nasty bright eyes, and hideous white bosom?" with sundry queries of the same envious nature. The king, however, led his new bride to the elephant; and desiring his son to mount one of the trumpeter's white horses, he desired her to take a seat by his side. Oriana, however, before she ascended, requested that her woman might be allowed to accompany her—for such she unnaturally styled her sister, being ashamed of her plain dress and dejected visage—and to this the king graciously acceded, promising her an apartment in the palace. Poor Vesperella was placed on a milk-white pony, and thereon sat, in still sorrow and wonder at her sister's treatment of her. The motion of the animal on which she rode, caused her hood to fall back, and her sweet countenance, a little paler with grief, and shadowed with her beautiful hair, disordered from having escaped the rushes that tied it, quite charmed all beholders. Some said, "This should have been the queen." The cavalcade now passed on to the palace, amidst the shoutings of the people, the braying of the trumpets, the trampling of the horses, and the music of the oboes and flutes.

As soon as the king and Oriana, with those immediately connected with them, were within the gates of the palace, the doors were closed, but hogsheads of wine were distributed to the people, and money thrown out by handful all the rest of the day. Oriana was married to the king forthwith; and Vesperella was compelled to clothe her sister, who, from the moment of her success, treated the simple girl with cruelty and indifference. She, the better to hide her relationship with so poor a body, abused her for everything—called her an idle awkward slut, and even went so far as to cuff her! Vesperella cried continually—her eyes were more like those of a ferret than of a princess.

### LEVER AND "ARTHUR O'LEARY."

THE name of Lever has already become—albeit he is yet young in authorship—associated with some of the pleasantest things in life; with a racy humour, unfailing animal spirits, heartiness, and good-nature; an intimate knowledge of all that goes forward in the queer corners and lively districts of the social world—with, over all, a manifest sincerity of relish for all the gay, manly, and genial sports and pleasures he describes. His books seem to make the reader and author personally acquainted; and we peruse one-half of them as if we were listening to the rattling, laughing, joyous gossip of an old acquaintance, who has just found something to tell us, and can hold his peace no longer. Herein is, probably, one source of his popularity.

Hitherto he has confined the high tide of his humour to a monthly flow; but it has now swollen into the full flood of three volumes, and brings us "Arthur O'Leary's Ponderings and Wanderings," in many lands, at one and the same time. His former writings have become popular in spite of the omission of many things usually considered to be essential to a strong and general interest. They did not depend for their success upon the attraction of an exciting story, artfully connected, and powerfully wrought up; they had no wonder-working hero or heroine, no set of characters—more especially, no one pet character, to set people talking and comparing notes as to their impressions and sensations, no astounding novelty in the scenes depicted, or in the general subject;—no peculiarity of style and treatment, no new form of wit, observation, or sentiment, combined to recommend what everybody nevertheless read; and reading, asked for more. It was—that Mr. Lever was seen at once to be the possessor of a forty-reporter power of taking down the conversation of certain orders and groups of people; of transporting barracks, billiard-rooms, dinner-tables, steam-boats, and a hundred similar trifles, military and civil, into the private apartment of the reader; of daguerreotyping whole classes of society, and large slips of the great scene on which they play their parts. All this he did with such ease and freshness, with so little unnecessary flourish, and with such an absence of fatigue or the sense of possible failure in any portion of his performance, that his confidence and gaiety were naturally contagious, and one number was sure to beget the desire for another.

It was not so certain that the same thing would succeed equally when drawn out to a great extent. Plot, character, incidents, all tending to a concentrated and interesting purpose, are generally required where the narrative is protracted—and yet the want of them is not felt here. The good spirits of the author never fail him, and Arthur O'Leary wanders and ponders only to find us, without a symptom of flagging, at his heels. We can hardly give a more expressive picture of O'Leary's travels than by saying that they afford a series of capital pictures for Cruikshank. The vivifying power of talent which lights up the work everywhere, is remarked in this fact—that the wanderings extend over places quite as grassless and much trodden as Cheapside, and yet the path frequently appears almost as a new road thrown open to us.

Lever is famous for his bold, broad, dashing sketches, and deservedly



so; but he can paint with admirable minuteness and finish. Witness his descriptions of Dutch scenes and people, which are worthy of the clear and skilful pen of Washington Irving. Excellent is the picture of the "great fat horses that wag along, trailing behind them some petty insignificant truck, loaded with a little cask not bigger than a life-guard's helmet"—(the allusion is characteristic.) That of the frogs, also, whose croakings rose with noxious vapours from the sluggish green-surfaced canal—frogs, "the very burgomasters of their race who squatted along the banks, and, except for the want of pipes, might have been mistaken for small Dutchmen enjoying an evening's promenade;" and that of the interior of the inn, with its "deep plethoric-looking Dutch chairs, that seemed as if they had led a sedentary life, and throve upon it;" and not least, but rather above all, the master of the place, Van Hoogendorp by name, who "sat gazing upon the canal in a state of Dutch rapture very like apoplexy." The whole scene is conceived in a spirit of humour, and abounds in the nicest touches.

The same humour, ever free from offensive sarcasm, characterizes his remarks upon his travelling countrymen, of whose doings his sketches are often most ludicrous records; as where John Bull is represented when in a scrape—having, that is to say, lost his purse, or his passport, or pencil-case—rushing straightway for a remedy to the ambassador, "who, in his eyes, is a cross between Lord Aberdeen and a Bow-street officer."

O'Leary meets, in Holland, a countryman, one O'Kelly, who is a curious subject, and relates a capital story. His father was an original, too; for having received a visit from an attorney from Youghal, on the subject of a writ or process, or something of that kind, he told the man of law that "he'd make a gentleman of him, and fight him, if he'd give up the bill of costs." The temptation was too strong to resist; the attorney threw the papers into the fire, and next morning, having never discharged pistol before, shot the gentleman, and became one himself.

An adventure with a Polish Count and his fair accomplice, at Brussels, form some of the richest chapters of the series. O'Leary is a simple, pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and his entertainers are very nice people;—the whole affair is capital. Subsequent encounters with smugglers and others are related with the same vigour and vivacity, and render us, by the force of description, insensible to the absence of a consecutive interest; and, as far as animation goes, we may apply to the author the remark which he applies differently—"You were a Frenchman yesterday, you are an Italian to-day; you went to bed a Prussian, and you woke a Dutchman."

An innocent excursion to Bouvigne—another Gretna-green, though the unthinking couple knew it not—and the vicissitudes and ridiculous equivoque which it involves, is worked up into high farce, and furnishes a splendid comic hint to stage adapters. There are, also, mountain adventures with maniac actors, for the melo-dramatist; and the drollest odd-and-ends of character, for the benefit of humorists of every shade and degree; except those who prefer a touch of grossness, which they will never find in these pages.

Among the pleasantest of the drolls, is a fellow-traveller on the road from Middlesex to the Rhine, who, having had "a sound sleep of it"

in the banquette of a diligence, thanks Heaven that he "can get over a journey as well as most men;" and who is such a lover of solitude, that, "on reading Robinson Crusoe, he laid down the book in disgust on the introduction of his man Friday." Being in search of "that peace Piccadilly cannot give," he is tempted to take a superb chateau;—it is the "Chateau de Vandyk," and had really been the favourite residence of the immortal painter. Here ensues a scene, than which we remember nothing richer. Scarcely had he taken possession of the chateau, when an English traveller sprained his ankle within a hundred yards of the door—is obliged to be taken in—finds out the fact concerning Vandyk—recovers, and forthwith publishes two volumes—"A Walk in Flanders," with a whole chapter about the chateau and its owner. From that moment, persecution took the place of peace. Visitors of all degrees of impudence and curiosity crowded round the gate, and pressed into the private apartments, in shoals—London shoals. All came pouring, first into Ghent, and then into the Chateau of Vandyk, not to see which, was to have travelled in vain. Bull-dogs and barred shutters were ludicrous expedients in the preventive service. But a short extract, little as it will shew of the whimsical picture, must here be given:—

"Scarcely was the tea-urn on the breakfast table, when they began to pour in; old and young, the halt, the one-eyed, the fat, the thin, the melancholy, the merry, the dissipated, the dyspeptic, the sentimental, the jocose, the blunt, the ceremonious, the courtly, the rude, the critical, and the free and easy: one came forty miles out of his way, and pronounced the whole thing an imposition, and myself a 'humbug;' another insisted upon my getting up a dinner, that he might sit down in my chair, characterized by the confounded guides, as 'le fauteuil de Vandyk,' a third went so far as to propose lying down in our great four-post bed, just to say he had been there, though my wife was then in it. I speak not of the miserable practice of cutting slices off all the furniture as relics. John Murray took an inventory of the whole contents of the house for a new edition of his Guide-book; and Holman, the blind traveller, *felt* me all over with his hand, as I sat at tea with my wife; and, last of all, a respectable cheesemonger from the Strand, after inspecting the entire building, from the attics to the cellar, pressed sixpence into my hand at parting, and said, 'Happy to see you, Mr. Vandyk, if you come into the City!'"

Mr. Lever has shewn great versatility in this work; there is a deep interest in more than one of his stories, and his most careless sketches are sure to amuse. It is all written in running hand, but there are remarkably few blots.

#### PEREGRINE PULTENEY; OR, LIFE IN INDIA.

INDIA has produced many sketches, novels, and narratives, illustrative of her social progress and condition; and amongst them not a few of very considerable merit. But we do not hesitate to say that *this* work is the greatest of its class to which she has yet given birth. It is emphatically *the* Anglo-Indian novel, and may be justly regarded as the auspicious commencement of an Anglo-Indian literature.

The actual story—so far as the main thread of the incidents may be properly designated a story—is slight and simple. The wonder is, how such materials, so obvious and unexaggerated, and relying so little upon a skilful distribution of effects, could be made to occupy three solid volumes with unflagging interest from the first page to the last.



The solution of the wonder is to be found in the *reality* of the treatment. It is in this that the author of "Peregrine Pulteney" has immeasurably outstripped all his contemporaries in the same field; and it is by the force of this distinct faculty that he must, if he persevere, acquire a high position amongst the most distinguished writers of his time.

The story comprises the experiences of a cadet from the date of his school-boy days to his final settlement, still a very young man, in India. It runs exactly the course which will be familiar to thousands of readers, enabling them to live over their wild joyous youth again, and develops to those who are about to enter upon that course, the inevitable circumstances through which they must pass. We hardly know in which of these two aspects the work is better entitled to admiration—as a book of pleasure or utility. The Anglo-Indian will find his early life revived in its pages; and certainly there is no book extant which describes with such close fidelity the actual progress of the cadet through the different stages of his career. It possesses all the advantages of an intimate knowledge of the subject, combined with a remarkable felicity of manner in the management of elucidatory details, of no great importance taken singly, but, collectively, of the utmost value and interest.

Peregrine Pulteney is transferred from school to Addiscombe, like other young gentlemen destined to run the same race for fortune. The description of Addiscombe is perfect—of the life of the students—the regulations—the ways and means of the place, with that yellow prophetic light from far-off India which seems to be for ever brooding over it—and the variety of characters which, as might be expected from the miscellaneous sources of patronage whence the candidates are derived, may be found gathered into its melancholy hall.

The course at Addiscombe being concluded, Peregrine embarks for India, and arrives there at the close of the first volume. He has letters, amongst others, to an aunt, Mrs. Poggleton, who has a very pretty daughter. The dulness of life in India, under some aspects, particularly in the cadet's quarters at Dum-Dum, has the effect of throwing him very much into the society of his fair cousin. The result is precisely that which should be looked for under such circumstances. They fall in love with each other; and never was a youthful, precipitate, and uncalculating passion depicted with greater success. Peregrine is as poor as cadets generally are. Julia's expectations depend on the will of her father, a very querulous old gentleman. Their prospects are dismal enough, when the whole family of the Poggletons break up to return to England. Matters are now forced to a crisis. Peregrine declares his love, the young people vow eternal fidelity, and so Julia sails for England, and Peregrine lingers at Madras to recover from the effects of a fever. This brings us one-third way through the third volume. The remainder is occupied with a new set of scenes and actors. Peregrine is, of course, inconsolable, and he continues in a condition of genuine love melancholy as long as can be reasonably expected of a young fellow of his lively temperament. He corresponds constantly with Julia, whose father died on the homeward voyage, and who is shortly expected out again to make him happy for life. Calcutta is a very gossiping place. Small communities are always famous for scandalmongers; and Peregrine, after resisting a variety of temptations

and remarks, at last consents to mix once more in general society. The knowledge of his contract with Julia is a protection against all idle surmises. He thinks himself quite safe in his own integrity, and, indeed, in the social system of Calcutta. But young men of three or four-and-twenty, ought not to be too confident of their strength. The beautiful Augusta Sweetenham—the most captivating girl in the city of Palaces, and a wit into the bargain, who has refused numerous offers—confers the lustre of her special notice upon him. As an engaged man, she can speak to him without any dread of observation; and he, on the other hand, can enjoy the exquisite delight of her friendship, without any apprehension of being “talked about.” They grow so familiar with each other’s natures, keeping at the same time ever present to them the fact of Peregrine’s engagement, that they come at last to call each other “brother” and “sister.” Nothing can be more delicious than the purity and sweetness of their communion. The self-delusion winds round and round them, and every day they become more and more blind to the perils of their situation. Even when a suspicion sometimes crosses their minds that they *are* deceiving themselves, they resent and overwhelm it with one of those blighting sophisms which the young heart has ever ready for the use of such occasions. It is all pure sentiment—the ideality of love, apart from its lower world of duty and dedication. They live on in this notion, feeding it with poisons, till the ship arrives that conveys Julia back to India. Peregrine is still firm in his honour and his outward faith. He prepares to receive his affianced. To be sure, he sets about the task with a heavy heart, and makes a great many blunders, and is tardy enough in his operations; but he does go through it like a gentleman. He might, however, have spared himself the agony of all this laborious self-control. He finds Julia on board, but she is married to another. Poor Julia was true to the last—her woman’s heart was faithful and trustful; but a report had reached her on her voyage out—it was even in a newspaper—that Peregrine was actually married to Augusta Sweetenham. The blow was severe; but she had a woman’s pride as well as a woman’s love, and she could not endure to land in India and become the mark of universal pity. A young clergyman on board had fallen in love with her—she accepted him in haste—in pride, in revenge, perhaps. The issue of the story is already manifest. Peregrine is free, although not without a natural pang and struggle, after all; and the curtain falls on his wedding with Augusta Sweetenham.

The whole of the latter part of the narrative, to which the serious interest is chiefly confided, displays a profound knowledge of the human heart. The only regret it suggests is, that the author did not allow himself greater space for the growth, development, and catastrophe of the new attachment; for, with all the power of delineation he has thrown into it, and that power is of the very highest order, it appears hurried and fore-shortened. The situation of the lovers is touched with consummate delicacy. The subject is painful, and occasionally even disagreeable. We hardly know what to make of Augusta Sweetenham, every now and then, as her character becomes unfolded; and the conduct of Peregrine sometimes provokes a feeling of distrust, not a little hazardous to the reputation of a hero of romance. But to these moments and intervals of doubt the protraiture is indebted for its moral excellence: they yield us incidental glimpses into the real nature



that is at work beneath the external mark of professions and self-deceit; they shew the false reasoning of passion, the little snatches of selfishness and sophistry which, in the noblest hearts, sometimes usurp the place of justice and truth. The reader will not go the whole way with Peregrine. The author did not intend that he should. He was writing about a man, a young impetuous fellow, full of blood and intellect—not a monster of perfection. The reader condemns Peregrine heartily in one page only to applaud him all the more in the next; and so he goes on vibrating, but always acknowledging a certain ascendancy in the fellow's character, until at last he arrives at the conclusion that he is one of the best specimens of a manly, sound-hearted, loveable, careless dog, just flowering into manhood, he has ever happened to fall in with. And in this estimate of Peregrine he will be right. The character is drawn throughout with a most fearless hand—strong, wilful, kind, passionate, thoughtless, generous, with a stock of animal spirits that would be enough to supply a garrison.

It will be seen from this sketch of the principal incidents, and the divisions of the action we have indicated, that there is not much art displayed in the structure of this novel. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that it displays no art whatever. The author seems to have had no settled plan for building up his fiction; there is no attempt at symmetry in its proportions; it does not appear to have been even finished with reference to unity of purpose, but convenience of arrangement. Yet there is design in it, nevertheless, and design, too, which is peculiarly calculated to bring out strikingly the nature and aim of the work. It is not a compact plot—it is a fable of *progress*. This is precisely what was wanted to exhibit the gradual history of a young Englishman's passage from the lap of domestic life into the wide strange world of the east. It traces the progress of a youth through all the preliminary stages of a preparative education—follows him on his outward voyage, which is minutely described—then through all his initial proceedings on his first appearance in India—through the social circles into which he is cast, and which are painted with force and accuracy—through his military and public duties, love-making, masking, messing, the fever, and the amateur play—finally settling him down into matrimony, when he may be presumed to subside out of his individuality into the crowd of which he has hitherto been only a spectator. By no other means could the views of Anglo-Indian society contained in this work have been so completely evolved. The design was the best that could have been devised for such a purpose, and it is pursued steadily throughout.

A great variety of incidents are thrown up in the course of this biography (for in that light, also, it may be considered), and a great many characters are from time to time drawn upon the stage. In such a procession, there was a risk of losing our interest in our first favourites, by losing sight of them and finding others rapidly usurping their ground, only to be themselves displaced by a fresh rush of faces. With consummate tact, the author has completely escaped this risk. The characters in which he has interested us from the first, move through the story to its close; and the very last who retires from the scene is one who was the close companion of the hero in his school-boy hours. Thus, while the narrative is distinguished by the charm and irresponsibility of a series of disconnected adventures, it sustains at the same time the heart and home interest of a domestic novel.

We should be very glad to draw attention to a few adequate specimens, if space allowed us ; but we must be content with a scrap ; and we fairly warn the reader, that the work cannot be estimated by extracts in reviews ; he must read the whole, if he would enjoy the breadth of its humour, and the depth and earnestness of its pathos.

Arrived in India, the first thing, as soon as personal arrangements are adjusted, is to deliver letters of introduction. This brings us at once into the fashionable quarter of Calcutta, where we find Peregrine paying a visit at a grand house. To European eyes the picture is very new and striking :

"It was a fine house in one of the best Chowinghee roads (but not in *the* Chowinghee road) that Peregrine Pulteney now found himself entering. Like all Calcutta houses in the rains, it had a somewhat desolate aspect of uninhabited grandeur ; for the walls and the pillars were black and weather-stained, large patches of green damp were visible about the base, and down the sides of the house you might trace the course of the water that had been, almost incessantly for the last two months, streaming down from the conduits on the roof. The house, too, was shut up ; between the pillars of the spacious verandah, (a distinguishing mark, by the way, of a good Indian residence,) large green blinds, made of thin pieces of split and painted bamboo, were let down to exclude the glare. A number of crows were cawing and pecking about the roof, and every now and then amusing themselves by certain small aerial excursions, whilst two or three enormous birds (adjutants), like overgrown herons, with their long thin legs, and stupendous beaks and pouches, were drowsing upon the topmost balustrades, only moving every now-and-then, in a sort of sleepy attempt to inflict condign punishment upon an adventurous crow, who was pert enough to come within their reach."

A peep into the drawing-room will form a proper pendant to this capital bit of painting :

"It was a long and somewhat badly-proportioned apartment, very lofty, as all Indian rooms are, and very unfinished in appearance. The walls were white, but relieved every here and there by doors, prints, and wall-shades. Of the former article, Peregrine Pulteney counted no less than six in the room ; they were all open, so as to give free circulation to the little air that might chance to struggle into the house ; but as in a dwelling where there are no passages between the rooms, this open system might have its inconveniences, a kind of half-door made of toon wood and crimson silk, which neither reached nearly to the top nor the bottom of the aperture had been contrived so as to answer tolerably well for all purposes of concealment."

Add to this, about thirty branch candlesticks bracketed on the walls, gilt over and covered with great sugar-loaf glasses, three large chandeliers hanging from monstrous beams in the centre of the roof, two punkabs elaborately moulded and gilt, immense windows, a fine mat instead of a carpet, and a profusion of costly furniture of all sorts scattered about this queer apartment, and you have a very complete picture of a Calcutta drawing-room in the Chowinghee road.

The predominant characteristic of this novel is its abounding youthfulness. Its elasticity is something remarkable. It is the work of a young heart and a matured intellect. The story springs forward with a cheering vivacity that keeps the reader in a state of incessant good spirits. The descriptions are full of heat and energy ; the fun is as wild as the frolics of Puck ; and the dialogue is dashed off with extraordinary velocity and freedom. It would be much easier to suppose that a book of this vigorous class was written in some healthy, bracing clime, than under the enervating skies of India.



## EXPLOITS AND CHARACTER OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.\*

"THIS our Captain," says Fuller, "was a religious man towards God and his houses, generally sparing churches where he came; chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true to his word, and merciful to those who were under him; hating nothing so much as idleness." Except the Spaniard, and all foes of England.

Had Drake been only this, the present age—to say nothing of all future generations of men—would never have heard of him, however interesting his character, and deserving of illustration by the production of his correspondence. All that is here elicited by the active intelligence, favoured by many fortunate opportunities, of Mr. Barrow, shews the picture to be correct; and especially shews the consistency, the directness of purpose, and the constant religious spirit of Drake. But if he had not, by world-encompassing deeds and thoughts that ranged boundlessly over earth and sea, seeking ever where a great act might be performed—an act at once to startle men and to serve them—proved his claim to the title of Dragon-Drake how little would the world have cared for these Dove-like qualities of justice, chastity, piety, and mercy.

The contrast is undoubtedly remarkable, and seems to contradict common sense. The great sea-captain assuredly lived in the exercise of such qualities; yet was his life spent for the most part amidst the roar of storms, and the flame and smoke of battle; in the darkness and solitude of unknown seas, and within sight of savage horrors at which the soul sickens; sailing from peril to peril, fighting with conspiring winds, mocking difficulty and terrors, defying wrecks, wounds, and death; rushing with gay and confident heart into perilous seas forlorn, where no Englishman had ever ventured; and "ploughing a furrow round the world," such as never again closed up.

Sir Francis Drake was one of the greatest men of an age unexampled in greatness; and it was his good fortune to command, during his lifetime, and while yet young, that praise and admiration from his contemporaries which his merits demanded and his ambition coveted. After his death, his deeds and character won tribute from famous pens, and his exploits have never wanted industrious and admiring chroniclers even in later times; and yet it happened, that while what he did was known, little of what he said, and nothing of what he wrote transpired; no particle (scarcely) of his correspondence illustrated the accounts of history, or confirmed or contradicted the judgments of his biographers. It is melancholy to reflect upon the indifference often manifested by persons possessed of valuable documents relative to such men. Much of Drake's correspondence is, doubtless, now in existence, and yet likely to remain dead to the world. We might call the feeling not indifference, but injustice and ingratitude.

Thanks to the sagacity and enthusiasm of the hero's present biographer, many of his autograph letters have now been rescued from oblivion. They are of great interest, as well in regard to his character as to the events with which his fame is associated; and, in addition to these, the same zeal has brought to light various letters of the lord high admiral and others touching the unlesening and ever-memorable

\* Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knight. By John Barrow, Esq. 1 vol.

wonder of the waters, the great sea-mockery of all time—the Invincible Armada.

If these documents, including the letters of Drake, place before us few new facts, few or none, affecting the leading features of his fortune and achievements, they yet afford us fairer ground in many places for estimating and applauding them. Not a syllable in the papers discovered is in the remotest degree unfavourable to the “old fine admiral;” and if nothing has been found to entirely dispel the lingering shadows which hang over that only incident of Drake’s life which has excited painful suspicions or reproach, (the affair at St. Julian, ending in the execution of Doughty,) endeavours have not unsuccessfully been made to reconcile what was conflicting, and to lay every fact bare to the light of judgment. The feeling of the dispassionate reader will be, that through the broken clouds of the mystery, the fame and honour of Drake shine with sufficient clearness to lead to the decision most grateful to the love and pride with which the nation must ever regard him. This grave point has been an object of the utmost anxiety to the new historian; and in stripping it of some of its obscurity, he has rendered no mean service to the ends of truth.

In contemplating the course of Dragon Drake, it is a little drawback at the very beginning, to see him in the heat of such a devouring and lawless exercise of his gigantic genius as is implied in slave-traffic, and those piratical and plundering expeditions which, with much ill, worked in the example of seamanship such lasting and invaluable good. We ask if this can be the man, and these the objects, for whom and which, according to good old Pilgrim Purchas, (the untiring, world-exploring traveller, who never quitted his arm-chair by the fireside,) the wind proffered airy wings, while the sun smiled to see the English captain follow him “in a watery field all that his fiery circle round about the earthly globe;” while new stars, islands, and seas delighted in looking upon the English colours he bore, and he himself, “first of any general, loosed the girdle of the world, and encompassing her in his fortunate arms enjoyed her love.”

But of the influence exercised upon the mind of the nation, by the indomitable courage, fortitude, and perseverance of Drake—the effects produced upon succeeding ages by his heroism, wisdom, and consummate seamanship, with means so inadequate to his great art and many wants—there can be no doubt whatever; and while ships and sailors are essential to the preservation of British greatness and liberty, to Sir Francis Drake must the grateful homage of all posterity be given—to the gallant teacher of generations of apt scholars. Not in single acts has his supremacy been felt, as stimulating the minds of the enterprising in after-ages; not simply as the first Englishman who sailed round the world, the second voyager who passed through the Straits of Magallan (which he did, if we remember, in sixteen days), the great captain associated with the force gathered to resist the Armada; but in the manifestation of wonderful qualities of seamanship, and extraordinary patience and energy throughout his career, has his example been felt and followed in the navy of his country;—that country of which he was almost a religious lover; for there never was a sailor more truly, and to the heart’s core, English, than Francis Drake!

It is difficult to imagine anything grander than the incident which distinguished his first expedition to the Spanish Main, where, pursuing the enemy to Venta Cruz, he is informed of a “goodlie and great high



tree," from whose top he might discern both the North Sea, whence he had come, and the South Sea, whither he was desirous of going. There, having ascended to the highest point, and surveyed far and wide, with an intoxicated vision, that great world of waters whereof he had heard such golden reports, he fell upon his knees and besought God "to give him life, and leave, once to sail an English ship in those seas."

A striking instance of his resolute spirit was seen during this expedition. Wounded so sorely, that his blood "filled the verie prints our footsteps made, to the great dismay of all our company, who thought it not credible that one man should lose so much blood and live," they bound up his wounds, and would have persuaded him to go on board; but he refused, and ultimately they were obliged to "add force to their entreaties, and so carried him to his pinnace."

Drake appears to have acted in this, as in other expeditions, with the wisest and most generous regard to the interests of his coadjutors—sharing with them even what they were not entitled to claim. Great riches, notwithstanding, were the result; and how he spent them may be inferred, from the style in which he fitted up his ship, five years afterwards, for a voyage round the world. Articles were provided, not merely for comfort, but pleasure. The "Pelican" was sumptuously furnished. To administer to his amusement, he had various musical instruments, and musicians also, or the first might have been useless; and to gratify his vanity, or serve some other purpose, all the vessels for his table, and some even of his cook-room, are said to have been of silver. And yet he never lost sight of plain and simple habits.

We have glanced at the "tragedy" which occurred during this famous voyage, but may here pause to notice the coincidence, that Drake should take shelter during the winter season in the same port where Magelhaens had wintered so long before, and, like him, should there execute one of his officers on a charge of mutiny.

What a picture Mr. Barrow gives of Drake's difficulty in this voyage!—

"To ordinary minds, a more forlorn situation than that in which Drake now found himself can hardly be conceived. Deprived of all his ships, his companions and a great part of his crew, driven by a succession of tempests to the very southern extremity of the great continent of America, which had never been visited by any civilized human being—for he was the first to discover Cape Horn—tossed about on a sea utterly unknown, suffering from severe wounds, and, as he might reasonably suppose, every hope, that had carried him thither, as to his ulterior views, utterly destroyed."

Returned from this expedition, raptures awaited him at Plymouth, and the reverse in London. The fame of his pirating successes, as well as his prodigious genius, had reached polite ears, and scoffs and censures mingled with admiring applause. This last, however, soon drowned the rest, and wonder and welcome greeted him everywhere, even from the lips of Elizabeth. The profits and praises attendant upon this achievement appear to have been equal, and each golden line of his friends, the poets, he could have paid for with a golden bar.

He was soon appointed, in conjunction with military authority, to command in an expedition to the West Indies. At Cape St. Antonio their water was exhausted, and Drake's character is seen in his conduct described by a military pen:

"'Here,' says Cates, 'I do wrong if I should forget the good example of the General, who, to encourage others, and to hasten the getting of water aboard, took no less pains than the meanest. Throughout the expedition, indeed, he had every-

where shewn so vigilant a care and foresight in the good ordering of his fleet, accompanied with such wonderful travail of body, that doubtless, had he been the meanest person, as he was the chiefest, he had deserved the first place of honour."

Suspensions of the hostile and treacherous intentions of the Spanish King now prompted an expedition to Cadiz, whither Drake repaired, for purposes of damage and destruction to any preparations that might be on foot, England being by no means ready for a conflict. How he discharged his mission, one of his letters, discovered in the State-Paper Office, relates with admirable simplicity. Having described how he arrived in the road of Cadiz, on the 19th—

"We staid there untill the 21st, in which meane tyme we sanke a Biskanie of 12 C (1200) tonnes, burnt a shippe of the Marques of Santa Cruse of 15 C (1000) tonnes, and 31 shippes more of 1000: 800: 600: 400, to 200 tonnes the peice, and carried awaie fower with us, laden with provision, and departede thence at our pleasure with as moch honor as we coulde wishe, notwithstandinge that duringe the tyme of our aboade there we were bothe oftentimes foughte withall by 12 of the Kinge's gallies (of whome we sanke two) and allwaies repulsed the reste, and were (without ceassing) vehementlie shotte at from the shoare, but to our little hurte, God be thanked. Yeat at our departure we were curteouslie written unto by one Don Pedro, generall of those gallies. I assure your Honor the like preparacion was never hearde of, nor knowen, as the Kinge of Spaigne hathe and dailie makethe to invade Englande."

This was good work in two days; but Drake "hated nothing so much as idleness." He called it "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

The period of the Armada now approached. That was a day for panic and endeavour in England that has never since dawned, for the threat of Napoleon, and the totally different circumstances of the country, forbid all parallel. In the letters of Drake, now first published, may be seen a masterly knowledge and a full-hearted courage; they abound in examples of forethought, wise suggestions, and daring views. He ever seems to have urged a grand and comprehensive policy. His maxim seems to have been—when sure that you have a foe, go forth and seek him, instead of waiting till he comes. We see Nelson's spirit strikingly in Drake. He says, in reference to the united action of the Prince of Parma and the Spanish monarch—

"To prevent this I thinke it goode that theise forces here shoulde be made as stronge as to your Honors' wisdomes shall be thoughte convenyente, and that for two speciall causes: firste, for that they are like to strike the firste blowe, and secondlie, it will putt greate and goode hartes into her Majestie's lovinge subjectes bothe abroade and at home, ffor that they will be perswaded in conseyence that the Lord of all strengthes will putt into her Majestie and her people coraige & boldnes not to feare any invasyon in her owne countrie, but to seeke God's enemyes and her Majesties' where they maye be founde."

At length the news reached the British navy of the sudden appearance of the Armada off the Lizard; and as the commanders at Waterloo were "taken by surprise" at a Brussels ball, so the commanders in this case are said to have been surprised when on shore at Plymouth playing at bowls. It is even alleged, on no good authority, that Drake insisted on the match being played out, saying—"There will be plenty of time to win the game and beat the Spaniards too." Then on the next day the Spanish fleet were indeed discovered, "with their lofty turrets like so many floating castles, their line extending its wings about seven miles in the shape of a half moon, proceeding very slowly, though with full sails;" the winds, according to Camden, tired of carrying them, and the ocean groaning under its burden!



Drake had been burning with impatience for months. That singeing of the king's beard had but increased his fire; he had felt the insolent pride of the foe as not to be tolerated "by any true natural English harte," as his was. He memorialized the Queen, and controlled his spirit with difficulty until the moment came, when, every arrangement made, his ship seemed to take wing in its eagerness to baffle, confound, and destroy, and he was at one time alone in the very midst of the enemy. But darkness aided his dauntlessness; he got away and renewed his work, and soon had reason to rejoice;—"for that God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward, as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sedonya shall not shake hands this ffewe days." And on the last day of July, 1588, he writes to Sir Francis Walsingham:—

"Ther was never any thing pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a Sotherly wynd to the Northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the Grace of God, yf we live, I dowbt it not, but ere it be long so to handell the matter with the Duke of Sedonya, as he shall wish hymselff at Saint Marie Port amonge his oryngne trees."

These letters are not unworthy of the pen that wrote that glowing refutation of the falsehoods of the Spaniard, which Stow has handed down; which is so excellent alike in composition, in its spirit of indignation, and its truth of statement; and which exults that with "their great terrible ostentation they did not, in all their sailing round about England, so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

All this was not enough for the enterprising and unwearied soul of Drake. He was soon afloat once more; and then, in conjunction with Hawkins, his first patron and constant friend, again made sail for the scene of his early exploits. And amidst those waters he died. Hawkins perished also in that expedition to the Spanish Colonies. Drake departed at daybreak, "having been extremely sick of a fluxe, which began the night before to step on him." And what a picture of the death-scene of the mighty warrior and navigator is that which Hakluyt gives. "He used some speeches at, or a little before, his death, *rising and apparelling himself*, but being brought to bed againe, within one hour died."

There, on the spot where his glory began, the voice of it, which filled the whole world, was then only heard in the sighs and whispering sorrows of his sea-followers. Yet these he would address at the last moment, and still be apparelled as their leader, and only lie down to die when carried to the death-bed. There was his body sunk, where the fame of his deeds first arose, to traverse sea and shore through all time.

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### INDIAN GUIDE-BOOK.\*

A PRACTICAL hand-book to India, was a great desideratum. It is not the land of pleasure-excursions, scarcely even of exploratory journeys; almost every one bound there, is earnest in the pursuit of profit or aggrandizement. The call

\* The Hand-Book of India; a Guide to the Stranger and the Traveller, and a Companion to the Resident. By J. H. Stocqueler.

often comes hurriedly and unexpectedly ; an appointment just received, the imperious provocations of commerce, or the ties of affection and relationship, are the impelling causes for so distant a voyage, and time is often scarcely afforded to gather information, howsoever little, regarding the first steps to be taken. Many are unaware that there is no washing on board ship, and that a supply of linen must be taken sufficient for a journey of one hundred and twenty days ; a still greater number do not know in what part of the ship to seek for a berth—in the stern, or on the upper or lower deck.

Then again, suppose a griffin furnishing his cabin with a China basin, jug, &c., instead of a japanned set, and finding himself without a washing apparatus ere a fourth of his journey is accomplished ! Fancy him seeing his neighbour's (an old Indian) little dormitory, lit up in the long nights by a hanging lamp, while he is in unenviable darkness ! or seeing the same neighbour reading Martin or Murray's India, while lolling on a sofa, with mattress, pillow, and chintz covering, and drawers beneath it, while he is with difficulty keeping his position upon a rocking camp-stool. But worse than all, the climate changes ; he left England in a cold, raw fog, with his surtout carefully buttoned up, but he is rapidly borne past Madeira into intertropical seas, or steam has carried him still more swiftly into the radiant bosom of the Mediterranean. In vain he opens his habiliments, to catch the dying breeze—he is hot, smothered, and uncomfortable ; and how is his affliction increased, by seeing the same neighbour pacing the deck in clear and cool white jean jacket, white jean waistcoat, and white jean trousers !

There is a feeling of distrust in going to an agent, however respectable, and at once betraying one's ignorance, and losing all control over disbursements, by an unlimited order for everything that is necessary, when it is well known that on the Egyptian transit, soda-water, raspberry vinegar, jam, lucifer-matches, and kid-gloves, at three rupees a-pair, are considered among the necessaries. A book that shall obviate all these inconveniences must be almost invaluable.

It is obvious that such a hand-book ought not to be framed upon the model of the European hand-books, with their list of coins, numbers of posts, names of hotels, recitals of museums, and hum-drum legends of castles. What is wanted here, is a guide to the outfit, an adviser on the journey, and an accurate Mentor on landing, to avoid imposition, and to save all unnecessary delays and inconveniences, and Mr. Stocqueler's work comes very *apropos* to meet this desideratum.

Mr. Stocqueler is most prudently brief upon the subjects of history, climate, productions, population, manners, customs, and commerce—matters with which the Indian traveller can make himself acquainted at his leisure from more voluminous works on his journey out ; but he is both full and explicit when he comes to speak of the circumstances in which the different services, military, naval, and civil, are placed ; the preparations for an outward voyage, and the overland passage, and travelling in India. These are the truly practical and useful portions of the work, and they are treated of in a very satisfactory manner, and followed by a discussion on society, social habits, and domestic expenditure in India, of which we can only say that it does not give the brightest side of the picture. Mr. Stocqueler does not appear to have become at all enamoured of the country, and is one of those who look upon the going there as a matter of speculation, and the return as a necessary sequence to be devoutly wished for every moment. It would be more desirable to train the young mind at least to think differently.

The remainder of the volume, amounting to about one half its contents, is occupied by a description and itinerary of the principal places in India, and is more particularly characterized by one of the best descriptions of Calcutta that has yet been published. In fact, we can conscientiously recommend the hand-book of India, as an indispensable companion to the traveller bound to regions where changes occur so rapidly, that the classification of states (p. 82) has undergone additions in the first and second classes since this work was in the press.